The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th of May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the 15th* June *in the* July *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is just finishing a new serial story which promises to rival the Mowgli stories in interest and novelty. It is a tale of life on the Cod Fisheries, and is described by the author as being "marine, special, technical, and adventurous." Altogether it promises to be one of the most important works which Mr. Kipling has yet written.

Among the recently disinterred manuscripts of Charlotte Brontë, has been found a fairy tale, entitled "The Adventures of Edwin and Alembert." It is a curious and remarkable anticipation of Mr. Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River." Mr. Ruskin has read the story, and pronounces it finer than his own.

One of the most interesting items in Mr. Clement Shorter's forthcoming book on "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle" will be a diary by Emily Brontë. Emily Brontë, with her sister Anne, wrote on a certain day a long description of their feelings and their situation. They agreed that the record should be opened four years after, and that they should then compare how far their anticipations had been realised. This was done, and they agreed to repeat the experiment. Emily Brontë wrote at the close of this second diary: "Where shall I be four years hence?" Four years later she was upon her death-bed.

We understand that the publication of Mr. Meredith's books will be undertaken by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. when the contract with the present publishers expires. Mr. Meredith's books are all his own property, with the exception of "The Tragic Comedians," which belongs to Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, and will be included by them in their forthcoming series of Nineteenth Century Classics. Mr. Meredith is in wonderfully good health, and has been recently staying in London on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. William Morris has been somewhat seriously indisposed.

Mr. Stopford Brooke has returned to London. His lameness continues, but otherwise he is in good health. He is busily occupied with the revision of his excellent English Literature Primer. We believe that the early part in particular will be brought up to date.

Mr. George Moore does not expect to complete his new novel until about the middle of next year.

Mr. Quiller Couch is at present writing a new short novel somewhat similar in style and treatment to his "Ia," lately published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. The title may possibly be "Ion."

Mr. Anthony Hope's "The Heart of Princess Osra" will be published in the early autumn by Messrs. Longmans and Co.

The novel which Mr. Boldrewood will publish during the autumn season will be entitled "The Sealskin Cloak." The dramatic version of this author's "Robbery under Arms" is now running in the provinces, this being the second tour which the company has made.

The Kipling Birthday Book will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., both here and in New York. It will be embellished with beautiful designs by the author's father, Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, representing the Signs of the Zodiac.

Mr. John Davidson is reported to be hard at work on the new poems which he intends publishing during the forthcoming autumn season.

Mr. Bret Harte has, we hear, arranged to write a new serial story for publication in the *Graphic* during the early part of next year.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is expected to return shortly from Sicily, where he has been making a tour of considerable extent. The result of his travels will be a guidebook or handbook for the use of tourists in Sicily. This will in due course be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Mr. S. R. Crockett is to attend the Booksellers' Annual Dinner, and respond to the toast of Literature.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish early in October Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel, "The Grey Man," at present running serially in the *Graphic.*

The series of short drawing-room plays which Sir Walter Besant and Mr. W. H. Mallock have been contributing to *Pearson's Magazine* will, on their completion in that periodical, be published in book form by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of "The Time Machine,"

has written a new serial story for publication at an early date in *Pearson's Magazine.*

An American paper says that Dr. Cooper, Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in Rudger's College, persuaded Mr. Gladstone to undertake the task of editing the works of Bishop Butler, and that the advance sheets of the work all come to Dr. Cooper, who will be Mr. Gladstone's editor in America. It is also stated that Dr. Cooper has for many years been in continuous and intimate correspondence with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone is still busy on his Essays on Bishop Butler and his work. They will make a portly volume, and will not be out till the end of the year.

The death of Mr. James Ashcroft Noble will be deeply regretted by many literary men. He drifted into literature through a series of accidents. Originally articled to a solicitor, he broke down in health, and spent much time at hydropathics reading in a more or less desultory way. He succeeded in getting articles admitted into *All the Year Round* in the time of Dickens, and got his first literary connection with a defunct paper called the *Liverpool Morning Albion.* He next became editor of a Liverpool paper called the *Argus*, meant to be a small provincial *Spectator.* It did not sell, but it published the early work of Mr. William Watson, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. William Tirebuck.

Mr. Noble sent a review of Dr. Grosart's edition of Daniel to the *Academy*, from which paper he received a polite refusal. He next tried the *Spectator.* The article was accepted, and shortly after Mr. Hutton sent his new critic Hawker's complete poems. Thus commenced a pleasant literary association which lasted to the end of Mr. Noble's life. He contributed to the *Spectator* the monthly article on New Novels, as well as other papers, sometimes literary and sometimes general.

In 1881 he came to London, where he wrote much for the *Academy* and the *World*, and for some time acted as sub-editor to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell on the *Weekly Register.* In 1883 his health broke down, and he removed to Southport, where he remained till 1892, editing during some of these years the literary department of the *Manchester Examiner.* On coming back to London, he became closely connected with the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Westminster Gazette*, and purchased a share in the *New Age*, to which he contributed much literary matter. He was very honourably distinguished for the care, and fairness, and patience, and consideration of his criticisms.

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton, whose "In the Day of Adversity" has been so cordially praised by the press, will have ready for the autumn season a new novel entitled "Denounced." Messrs. Methuen and Co. will be the publishers.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack expect to publish the second volume of "The Centenary Burns" in about two months from date.

Mr. Cope Cornford's story, "Captain Jacobus," now running serially in the *Ludgate Magazine*, will be published in book form in the autumn, in this country by Messrs. Methuen and Co., and in America by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, the young and enterprising Chicago firm from whose offices the "Chap-book" is issued bi-monthly.

The annual influx of American publishers has begun. Mr. Brett, of Macmillan and Co., has been and gone. Mr. Frank Dodd has been in London for about a fortnight. Mr. Lippincott has just arrived, and Mr. William Appleton is expected at the end of the month.

Mr. J. J. Haldane Burgess, the author of "Rasmie's Büddie," poems in the Shetlandic, and "The Viking Path," a romance of the Norse time in the Shetland Islands, both of which volumes met with a very favourable reception from the press, is at present engaged upon a new novel to be entitled "Tang: a Shetland Tale."

Mr. Burnett's book, "A Lady of Quality," has been unfavourably reviewed in America, on the ground of coarseness and flashiness. It has, however, been largely bought, an edition of 10,000 copies being exhausted immediately after publication, and another edition being on sale.

We understand that the new edition of Mr. Ruskin's Letters on the Lord's Prayer will contain none of the additional letters from clergymen which appeared in the previous editions. In other words, it will be a contribution to Ruskin literature.

Mr. W. T. Stead says that some day he hopes to be able to publish a series like Mr. Morley's "Men of Letters," which will be devoted to the lives and adventures of famous newspaper men.

An eminent London publisher has, we believe, projected a series of volumes on the History of the Newspaper Press, which will be edited by a famous journalist. The books will be small, and each will be committed to a specialist.

Mr. Kipling has been having a controversy in America over a book entitled "Out of India," which is said to contain some of his earliest work in the field of literature. Mr. Kipling declined himself to reprint those sketches, but gave his consent to a proposition from a publisher who undertook to do the work, and the book appeared. Mr. Kipling applied for considerable royalty which was refused, whereupon he has disowned the book.

Dr. Max Koch, in a German periodical, brings a charge of plagiarism against Count Tolstoi. The Russian writer is accused of copying a short story, entitled "The Coffee House of Surat," from Saint-Pierre, the author of the famous "Paul et Virginie." Dr. Koch says that about forty years ago he read "Le Café de Surate," by Saint-Pierre, and he finds that Tolstoi's story is very little other than a translation. He says that the gravest element in the whole business is that certain small alterations have been made, which would seem to be intended as a disguise. In the original French, an Italian Catholic is made to say that "God has been angry with the Jews for the past seventeen centuries." This has been changed in the translation into eighteen centuries. Again, Saint-Pierre says that the sun gives light to the earth and to five other planets; the translator says, "the earth and a number of other planets." We have little doubt there is some explanation of this.

The *Dublin Review* has now completed sixty years, and the April number contains an article on its history. Mr. M. J. Quinn first suggested the periodical, and for fifty-one volumes the editing was done by Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Charles Russell. Afterwards Dr. W. G. Ward became editor, and issued thirty-three volumes. The *Review* then became the property of the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and Bishop Hedley became editor, and was succeeded by Bishop Vaughan in 1885. At the beginning of 1892, the fourth series began under the editorial care of Dr. James Moyes, then of Manchester, but now Canon Theologian of Westminster. A list is given of the articles, and the names of the earlier writers, where known, are supplied. Newman contributed only one article, a review of Keble's "Lyra Innocentiarum." A few Protestants, including the late Professor de Morgan, appear in the list of writers. De Morgan's articles are on mathematical subjects. The *Review*, on the whole, has been very ably conducted, and a credit to the Roman Catholic Church.

Miss Montresor's new story, "False Coin or True," will be published shortly. It is a little longer than its predecessor, "The one who Looked on."

In 1892 an *edition de luxe* of the writings and speeches of President Cleveland was published by Cassell and Co. simultaneously in London and New York, limited to two hundred copies, the price being twelve dollars and a half. The remainder, consisting of one hundred copies, has just been sold in New York at a dollar and a half.

The *Petit Journal* of Paris, which has a circulation of over a million copies a day, and is printed on wood-pulp paper, consumes in a twelvemonth 120,000 fir trees of an average height of 66 feet. This is said to be equivalent to the annual thinning of 250,000 acres of forest.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has undertaken to write a new life of Mr. Gladstone. It is to be published serially in America, and probably in England, and will be fully illustrated with many portraits and other illustrations. It will probably appear in book form in the autumn of next year.

The most interesting portions of "The Life and Work of Bishop Thorold," which Messrs. Isbister hope to issue about the end of the month, will probably be found to be the account of his religious experiences in his first parish—a period of singular zeal and introspection—and the history of his incessant labours and really great achievements during his episcopate at Rochester. The narrative is largely interwoven with letters and passages from diaries, and in one or two instances the author, the Rev. C. H. Simpkinson, has availed himself of episodes furnished by third parties. Mr. Simpkinson, who is rector of Farnham, has not only had all the materials available placed at his disposal, but he has the advantage of a long and close connection with the Bishop. His gifts as a biographer were cordially recognised on the publication of his "Life of Laud."

The fine edition of the "Faerie Queen," by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, and illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane, is now drawing to an end. The editor proposes to prefix to the last part a full bibliography of the "Faerie Queene." This subject has scarcely been treated at all, and will be found, we believe, to yield very interesting results.

The scenery of Mr. George Meredith's novels has not yet been fully identified, but it is believed that much can be done in this way, and if Mr. Meredith can be induced to write introductions for his new edition, he may be willing to give his readers the same assistance as Mr. Hardy has given his. In the New York *Critic*, Mr. Arthur Waugh says that he has had pointed out to him the "Crossways" of Mr. Meredith's "Diana." The house stands at the foot of a sandy hill, within about eight miles of Dorking. The nearest village is Abinger Hammer. It seems to consist entirely of a smithy, a general shop, a tavern, and three cottages. The "Crossways" is perhaps about a mile further on in the Dorking direction. You come upon the house suddenly at a turn of the road. It stands back, low, red-bricked, gabled, and you see it through an old archway spanning an iron gateway. There is a trim, old-fashioned garden between the road and the house, with standard roses and quaint perennials. The windows have leaded panes; the martins make their nests under the eaves. Mr. Meredith's home at Boxhill is about eight miles away, and while you stand at the Crossways in the very heart of seclusion, you are less than forty miles from Charing Cross. We may add what we do not think has hitherto been noticed, that the scene of one of Mrs. Norton's novels is laid in the same district. Mrs. Norton, it need scarcely be said, is generally taken as the original of "Diana."

Messrs. Stone and Kimball are to publish in America Mr. William Canton's new work, "W. V.; Her Book, and Various Verses." The little volume will be ready almost immediately.

The New York *Nation* has a pointed article on the so-called "literary crisis." Americans are dissatisfied at the present state of their literature, and the *Nation* attributes it to the eagerness of the public. "An author produces something unusual, something showing an original turn, giving promise of genius. Immediately the signal is given, and the whole pack of destroyers of genius is let loose upon him. The reporter runs him to earth, the photographer levels the deadly camera at him, a dinner is given in his honour at the Aldine Club, he is invited to write for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, then the end is not far off. Only one step remains—it is to be syndicated. Genius in the clutches of a syndicate is a melancholy spectacle; it soon becomes subdued to the medium in which it works, and appears as dull and ditch-watery as if the divine spark had never glowed at all. As long as we go painstakingly about the work of putting every singer of native wood notes wild in a gilded cage of publicity, of denying expanding talent the time to read or think or commune with its own heart, of making a great reputation by means of puffery and wind, it is certain that we shall not get ourselves out of perpetual literary crises."

Two Roman papers have printed Zola's new story, "Rome," to the great dissatisfaction of their readers, who complain that the book is partly worthless gossip, and partly

a heavy compilation of religion and politics. They protest against Zola's cruel insistence on the poverty and squalor of Rome, and one paper which speaks of the new volume in the most contemptuous terms declares that "the insults and calumnies of M. Zola do not merit even a refutation."

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

MARCH 23RD TO APRIL 18TH, 1896.

THE result of two closed days in a month is obviously to make business somewhat quiet, and such has been the case this year. With this reservation, trade has been on the whole satisfactory, as compared with the corresponding period in other years. So much for the home trade. Colonial and foreign orders have been coming in at the usual rate, and have been fairly heavy.

It is curious to note how Dame Fashion rules even in book production. Just now the rage is for long, narrow, rough-edged, paper-covered volumes, each series styling itself a "library." The "Pseudonym Library" set the fashion in this instance. What will be the next style?

Seventeenth and eighteenth century classics are receiving considerable attention. There are several new editions of such works as Walton's "Angler" and Boswell's "Johnson," and they are selling very well.

Murray's, Baedeker's, Black's, and Baddeley's Guide Books are now being enquired for, as well as the lesser handbooks and county companions.

The check upon the sale of boys' books on Birds' Eggs and Nests owing to the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, is very noticeable, but anything like an ornithological treatise is eagerly bought.

Several works on South Africa, from various points of view, have been issued. There is not the run upon them that might have been expected. The popular book has not yet appeared.

The unabated favour with which the 6s. novel is received is remarkable, and so is the fact that many of these publications would probably have appeared at 1s. in paper covers, if they had been issued a few years since, when the latter form was popular. The favourite author is Marie Corelli. "A Mighty Atom" has sold by tens of thousands. The "Woman who did," "would," etc., have quite disappeared.

Among magazines, the most prominent feature is the large sale of the *New Review* since the commencement of a series of articles on South Africa. The announcement of the programme of the May issue has already led to a heavy booking of orders. The fortnightly issue of the *Navy and Army* shows no decrease, a state of affairs which many expected, considering how the subject is now to the fore. Much interest is also being shown in all publications relating to the two services.

The 3s. 6d. issue of Mrs. Craik's novels, of which "A Noble Life" is the latest, has been very well timed, judging from the sales.

Translations of Continental literature are still mainly undertaken by ladies, a fact to which attention has already been directed. An exception, however, is found in German and other theological literature, which still falls to the lot of the sterner sex.

In the subjoined list of works the preponderance of novels is again apparent. A large number of religious books are selling freely, but they are for the most part small publications, and are consequently not included below.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
A Lady of Quality. By Frances H. Burnett. 6s.
Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Heart of the World. By H. R. Haggard. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By J. C. Snaith. 6s.
Ia. By Q. 3s. 6d.
A Man and a Woman. By Stanley Waterloo. 3s. 6d. net.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. and 3s. net.
The Heart of a Continent. By F. E. Younghusband. 21s.
Sporting Memoirs of Sir C. C. de Crespigny. 16s.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By Slatin Pasha. 21s. net.
Life of Franklin. By H. D. Traill. 16s.
For His Sake. By Elsie Marshall. 2s.
The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.
Absolute Surrender. By Andrew Murray. 2s.
A Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.
Joseph Chamberlain. By S. H. Jeyes. 3s. 6d.
Art of Reading and Speaking. By J. Fleming. 3s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
March 30, 1896.—A moderate week in the home departments. Colonial and foreign business heavier.
April 4 „ —Busier at commencement, but a poor week as a whole. Continued trade lighter, colonial unchanged.
„ 11 „ —A very quiet time owing to the holidays. Colonial and foreign business about as last.
„ 18 „ —Trade not yet recovered, but a little better. Continental and colonial orders a little heavier.

POETRY.

UNWELCOME.

What has waked you, Lady Mary, from your sound, sound sleep?
What has brought you, Lady Mary, from the grave we dug so deep?
You have done with mirth and laughter, with the tears that follow after,
And with us who laugh and weep:
We laid you east and west,
With your beads upon your breast;
Be content, take your rest,
Lady Mary.

We left the black earth lying on your lips and eyes,
We left your rose wreaths dying as Love's own rose dies,
And we bade you softly slumber through the days that none may number,
Till the Last of Days shall rise.
Round about in calm array,
The dead await their day;
Be content, do as they,
Lady Mary.

Do you hear the church-bells ringing as on marriage-morns they ring?
Do you hear the children singing as to greet a bride they sing?

Never heed the merry measure, for you drank your fill of pleasure,
And the year has but one spring.
Very narrow is the bed
Where now you lay your head;
Let the Dead suffice the Dead,
Lady Mary.

H. C. M.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

From Photo. by] [*Emberson & Sons.*
MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

IT will not surprise readers of "Almayer's Folly," that remarkable novel where wild nature and strange humanity were so powerfully pourtrayed, to learn that its author has led an adventurous life. Material for such books can only be brought to the writing-table by the track of personal experience. It is as unmistakeably the book of a wanderer who has lived far from the ways and the atmosphere of European capitals as are Loti's exotic romances. An unfamiliar something in its tone, too, which now expressed itself as poetry, and now was too vaguely illusive for readers here in London to grasp very easily, roused a curiosity as to its origin. Perhaps the unfamiliarity is explained by the fact that Mr. Conrad, for all his skilful adoption of our language, is not an Englishman. He is a Pole by birth, and his early years were spent in Poland. From at least two generations he inherited a keen interest in literature; his father, or his grandfather, was a translator of Shakespeare. But they were men of action, too. The grandfather had belonged to Napoleon's Grande Armée. His father attached himself to the revolutionary movement in Poland, and suffered imprisonment for his opinions. Indeed, we believe young Conrad and his mother shared the confinement. After his father's release and his mother's death, he accompanied his father to Warsaw, where the latter also died. At the age of thirteen he found his way to Paris, drifted to Marseilles, to a merchant house, and afterwards to a seafaring life. As a merchant seaman he has gone through all the grades, and is now full captain in the English marines. He has served in most quarters of the globe, but chiefly in the Pacific and on the Borneo coast, and has commanded a steamer on the Congo. During all his active, wandering life, literature has always had a fascination for him, though he has let the world see none of the experiments that perhaps prepared the way for "Almayer's Folly" and "The Outcast of the Island."

Mr. Conrad recently married an English lady, and is now living quietly in France with a view to further literary work. If he meets with the success which he deserves, his seafaring days are probably over.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

IT is a curious sign of the times that everybody who has in any way distinguished himself above the general, or has had adventures of any description, employs his leisure in the writing of his memoirs. In the book lists of French, English, German, and American publishers we read announcements of the memoirs of contemporary people, men and women, of whom many have not yet reached maturity. Is this fashion to be traced to egomania or to acquisitiveness? No doubt it has been largely caused by the operations of the interviewer. The Prominent Person has discovered, through the attentions of the interviewer, that the public takes an interest in his or her personality, habits, opinions, and experiences, and is willing to pay for the satisfaction of its curiosity, and very justly decides that if money is to be made out of this, the money might as well come to him. Still, one thinks that the fashion is being carried a little too far, for matters have come to such a pass that the announcement that the little King of Spain was using his infantine pen in the narration of his brief life, would not surprise those who have watched the recent numerous publications of memoirs. Certainly the book of memoirs published in the life-time of its writer has this advantage over the posthumous publication, that with the fear of the libel laws or of the point of the rapier before his eyes, the author is not likely to defame his contemporaries; but, on the other hand, this very fear must prevent in many cases a real expression of his opinions. The Duc de St Simon, for instance, would never have dared to write as he did had his intention been to publish his memoirs in his lifetime, and had the present fashion existed in those days we should have been deprived of one of the most interesting books of piquant personalities which we possess. It is, of course, equally impolitic to defer publication too long, for public interest soon wanes, except in the case of very prominent persons, and of most it can be said that "dead they die quick." Who has forgotten what a flash in the pan were the Memoirs of Talleyrand, the publication of which, as ordained in Talleyrand's will, was delayed more than fifty years after his demise? It was found that Tallyerand had ceased to interest the public to any extent, and the publication of his memoirs was almost, if not quite, a financial failure. Had they been published just after his death, they would no doubt be in every library.

The Prince de Sagan has been exchanging shots with M. Abel Hermant. I am reminded of the Prince de Sagan by the reference to Talleyrand, to whom the family owes the immense wealth they derive from the Sagan estates, which are situated in Eastern Prussia, Poland, and Russia. These come to them through the marriage of Talleyrand's nephew to the daughter of the Grand Duchess of Kurland, which took place shortly after the famous meeting between Napoleon and Alexander at Erfurt. Whilst at Erfurt, Talleyrand ingratiated himself with the Czar; indeed, it has been said at some sacrifice of loyalty to his master. When Napoleon fancied Talleyrand in bed, it has been related, this diplomatist might have been found at the house of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, in confabulation with the youthful Czar. Whether this be true or not, it is certain

that the Czar felt so grateful to Talleyrand, that when he was leaving Erfurt, he asked him if he could in any way further his interests. "Certainly, sire," said Talleyrand; "I have two nephews whom I am most anxious to marry advantageously. There is no possibility of doing this in France, for Napoleon keeps all the heiresses for his sergeants and corporals." He went on to say that he very much wanted to arrange a marriage between his younger nephew and the daughter and heiress of the Grand Duchess of Kurland. The Czar at once promised to speak to the Duchess on his behalf. "I shall have an opportunity of doing so almost immediately," he said, "as on my way to St. Petersburg I shall stay a few days with her." This marriage was subsequently carried out, and the immense estates of the Kurlands came into the Talleyrand family.

In the clubs in Paris it is considered that it was ill-advised of the Prince dc Sagan to challenge Hermant because of a supposed caricature in the play "La Meute" (which certainly contains a very transparent allusion to the transactions between young Talleyrand-Perigord and poor Lebaudy). It is said, very truly, that the only result has been to give a splendid advertisement to the play, and thus to benefit the author rather than to punish him. Certainly more *esprit* was displayed by the Duc de Morny when he was placed in a similar position some years ago, and all Paris was running to see Lavedan's "La Princesse X" at the Vaudeville. He did not challenge Lavedan for putting him on the stage, but took a box for the season and visited the Vaudeville almost every night, leading the laughter provoked by the words and actions of his *travesti*.

The bloodless issue of this duel has evoked in the English press the usual comments. Because neither de Sagan nor Abel Hermant was killed, the encounter is described as a farce. Certainly neither wished to kill the other. In England a man usually avenges a direct insult with his fists. Does he want to kill his adversary? I think not, and Her Majesty's Commissioners for Oyer and Terminer would have something to say if he did. In a duel there is the probability of a nasty wound, and a risk of death, and a certain amount of courage is needed to face these contingencies. I will admit that in pistol duelling the risk is a small one, because of the very short time allowed for taking aim. You have to raise your pistol, aim, and fire whilst the *directeur du combat* is counting three. If you fire after the *Trois*, you are guilty of an act of treachery, and should you wound your man you would become liable to the criminal law. Yet I have known many cases where a man has been killed in a pistol duel.

I have received a letter from Alphonse Daudet from Venice. He asks me if it is worth while his saying anything more about his prospects of becoming an Academician, and adds, "It appears, also, from an English paper, that I received £50,000 for my novel '*Sappho*.' Quelle richesse d'imagination." He sent me a little book of epigrams, which I can commend to every lover of Italian. It is entitled "Epigrammi Italiani, scelti e ordinati da Guida Mazzoni," and is published by Barbèra, of Florence. A most dainty book, containing the best specimens of that delicate irony which is the bouquet of Italian wit, from Guiseppe Giasti in the thirteenth century, down to the present day. The pasquinade finds no place in these pages, and that is as it should be, because there is here nothing but what is light and pointed. This book certainly establishes the superiority of the Italian epigrammist over his French confrére—doubtless the language is more supple—and its pages are a delightful treat to the philologist. I have put it in my library next to Druguelin's dainty little book of German sayings, which date from Martin Luther down to the present day. It is the rapier next to the club. Chamfort and de la Rochefoucauld would, in this comparison, represent a cavalry sabre.

Léon Daudet was with his father. His last book, "Le Voyage de Shakespeare," appears to be doing well. I have received from a French critic, whose opinion I esteem above those of his contemporaries, a letter dated from Milan, in which he writes about this book. "The somewhat too precise way in which he has treated his subject destroys, without explaining it, the great mystery of human intelligence and the formation of genius; but there is much talent, force, verve, and colour in this book, which is superior to anything which Léon Daudet has yet given us."

The gossips continue to assert that a marriage has been arranged between Jeanne Hugo and M. Hanotaux. In the meanwhile M. Hanotaux has been employing his leisure in writing a book on Madagascar, which is mainly an apology (in the literary sense of the word) for his action in the matter of the recent expedition to that colony and its conquest under his ministry. It is usual in France for Ministers temporarily shelved to issue bulky tomes, in which they explain their policy to the public. I have a number of such books, but my experience is that their interest is only relative, for they are in the main special pleading, and naturally so.

The amount of literature on Madagascar increases each week, and, for the most part, appears of little value, from the fact that in most cases it is the outcome of a too rapid survey of a very large country. Perhaps the best book we have had so far on Madagascar is Doctor Louis Catat's "Madagascar," published by Hachette. Doctor Catat spent more than a year travelling in the island, and this book is the true account of his travels, not a compilation "rushed out" in consequence of recent events.

A word should also be said in favour of Armand Colin's "Pages choisies des grands écrivains," a series which can be specially recommended to those who are beginning to study French literature, or who have no time for more than the tit-bits of the most renowned French authors. Each volume is devoted to one single author, and contains notable passages from his principal works. Thus those who dare not face Balzac's fifty volumes, can get some notion of his "Human Comedy" from the "H. de Balzac" published by Armand Colin. There are volumes of selections from Gautier, Guyau, Flaubert; and others are in preparation. Everything objectionable is omitted, so that the books are suited for family reading. At the same time, as has been pointed out, it might be unsafe to create in young people a desire to know more of such books as, for instance, "La Cousine Bette" and "Madame Bovary."

Robert H. Sherard.

THE READER.

LADY BURTON.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.*

IT was a lovely autumn day; great white clouds were piling themselves up in the deep blue sky; a soft wind conveyed alternate waves of light and shadow over the land; the trees were one blaze of scarlet and of gold, as my companion and I passed within the cemetery gates. Away in one corner stands what at first appears to be a white tent, but this, indeed, is the mausoleum in which Sir Richard Burton, the great explorer, soldier, scholar, and gentleman, lies buried in his last sleep. The tent is sculptured in stone from the Forest of Dean, and in white Carrara marble. It is an Arab tent, over the flap-door of which is a white marble crucifix. Upon this flap-door is carved an open book of white marble, on which are inscribed Sir Richard's name and the dates of his birth and death. A blank page is left for "Isabel, his wife." Underneath is a ribbon with the words, "This monument is erected to his memory by his loving countrymen."

Unlocking the door, pushing aside, as it were, the flap of the Arab tent, the widow of the sleeping soldier led me into the silent interior. Here in a coffin of gilt and steel, here before a consecrated altar, beneath the cross which is graved upon his coffin lid, lies all that is left of Sir Richard Burton.

"There," said his life-long companion, "there lies the best husband that ever lived, the best son, the best brother,

From Photo by [*Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

LADY BURTON.

and the truest, staunchest friend. That is what I have written of him, that is what I say to you to-day. Isn't this a beautiful place for him to sleep in? Just what he would have chosen: a tent in the desert, with the gun and air and flowers all about him." Then we went into the house and left the dead alone. The first thing that attracted me as I

SIR RICHARD BURTON IN HIS TENT.

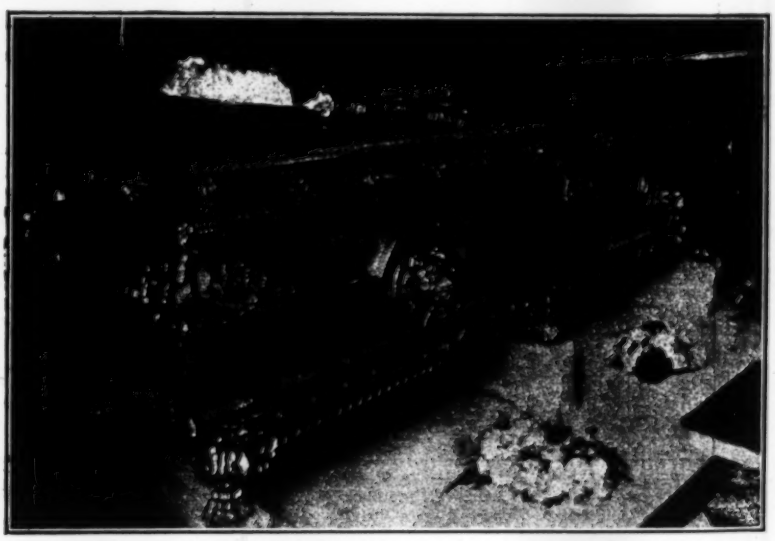
entered the little sitting-room—and Lady Burton's house is outside the cemetery—was a strikingly lifelike portrait of her husband, a dark, noble face, with the eyes steadfastly regarding the spectator. "Ah! there he is," I said; "you don't often see such men now-a-days. He and Gordon, one almost thinks, are the last of their race." "Yes, indeed," replied my hostess, "he and Gordon were simply pendants. They were men who stood out apart from the rest of the world. And yet even they differed from each other. Gordon wore his heart on his sleeve, Richard was always trying to conceal his feelings, he was always putting on a mask; but as far as religious feeling was concerned, as far as the leading of men was concerned, both had the same ideas. Gordon used to come and sit down on the hearthrug before the fire in the winter evenings, and I would sit by and listen to their talk. Gordon would say, 'There are only two men in the world who could do that; I am one and you are the other.' I have told in my book how when Gordon became Governor of the Soudan he wrote and asked my husband to come and share the work with him. 'You and I,' he said, 'are the only two men fit to govern the Soudan; if one dies the other will be left.' But Richard would not go. 'No,' he wrote back, 'you and I are too much alike. I could not serve under you nor you under me. I do not look upon the Soudan as a lasting thing. I have nothing to depend upon but my salary, and I have a wife, and you have not.' I am glad you like that portrait of him," continued Lady Burton, as she seated herself by a little window through which the autumn sunshine poured in a blaze of golden glory; "it was painted in 1863 by Mr. Joy, the artist, the father of Mrs. H. R. Haweis.

"There is Renan's portrait," she continued, pointing to a sketch of the great French writer, beneath which he

* Mr. Blathwayt's conversation with Lady Burton took place some months ago, and is of special interest at the present time owing to Lady Burton's recent death.—ED. *Bookman.*

appended his autograph; "he gave that to my husband, who, however, had but little in common with him. The photograph close beside you represents my old convent, the Convent of the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, at Chelmsford, where I was brought up and where I lived for six very happy years. You know I come of old Catholic families both on my father's and my mother's side. My father was the nephew of the ninth Lord Arundell of Wardour, and my mother was the sister of Lord Gerard, of Gasswood, in Lancashire. My father was a country gentleman pure and simple—and devoted to all forms of sport. He brought me up like a boy, teaching me to ride and shoot, everything, in fact, that would suit me for my after life of adventure and peril. My mother was always trying to marry me to a wealthy peer. As far as books were concerned, I brought myself up. I was simply mad on the very life I was afterwards to lead in real earnest, a life of adventure. I read everything that told me about Arabs, gipsies, and nomads in general. My rooms were covered with anything that spoke to me of the Bedouins or of the gipsies. Then came my husband, my *beau ideal* of what a man should be, and I stuck to him like grim death, and would listen to no one. My parents used to pat my head and hope for better things, but I won him in the end. How old should you put me at?" she suddenly asked me, with a smile. "It is impossible to say," I replied. "Well," was Lady Burton's answer, "I am an old woman: I am sixty-three years of age. I am getting now just like my husband. I am getting into the very condition in which he was before he died, and so," she went on, speaking in a perfectly natural and unaffected way, quite calmly and without any emotion whatever, "and so I know that my end is near. I feel that I have done with the world. I want to live eighteen months longer that I may finish the work that *He*"—always *He*—"would have wished me to do. And then I shall join him once more. But there is a great deal to be done yet. I am working all day long; from ten in the morning to seven at night, I and my secretary are at it." "And what is the work you wish so much to complete?" "Well, first of all," she replied, "I am correcting his 'Catullus'; that is very hard work. Then there is his 'Pentamerone.' Then I am writing all the prefaces for the Memorial Edition of his works, published and unpublished. I am also writing his genealogy, and my own autobiography to be published after my death. I am also throwing together all the materials for his 'Labours and Wisdom,' two volumes which will be published early next year. That will contain his essays, pamphlets, press correspondence, his best letters, and a *resumé*, or the pith, of all the work he tried to do for humanity at large. In short, it will be a complete book of reference for specialists on almost every variety of subject. Will you come up into my bedroom, where I usually work? There are several things I would like to show you," continued his devoted wife, as she slowly walked across the room, and led the way up the narrow little staircase, hung with pictures and photographs, all of which dealt with the romantic past of her and her husband. On this staircase, as in the room below, as in every room in the house, as in the silent mausoleum in the cemetery, hung a card upon which were printed the words addressed by the two disciples to our Saviour, "Stay with us, because it is evening, and the day is now far spent." I commented upon it, adding, "But don't you prefer the old rendering, 'Abide with us, for it is toward evening'?" "No," she replied; "I like 'stay' best. It is more natural and more homely, I think. And now," she went on, as we entered the little bedroom, "here is everything that tells me of him. Here are innumerable photos of him. Do you not like that one?" she asked, pointing to a large and beautiful portrait of Sir Richard, which represented him with a bamboo spear in his hand, a half-burnt cigar in his mouth, seated in his shirt sleeves in his tent in Africa. It was very characteristic and full of interest. When we reached the sitting-room again, Lady Burton pointed out to me Landseer's pathetic picture, "The Shepherd's Grave," in which he has depicted the sorrowing collie-dog standing wistfully over his master's last resting-place. "Isn't it beautiful?" said my hostess. "I have had that picture engraved on the cover of my book, and Richard's name is on the tombstone, and I am the dog." Portraits of old friends hung round the wall—Carlyle, "whom I respected, but did not much like," Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Iddesleigh, "who was very kind to my dear one," Cardinal Manning, Lord Wolseley—they all were there. A picture of Sir Thomas Arundell, Lady Burton's ancestor in the tower, formed a suitable pendant to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, to some of whose portraits my hostess appeared to me to bear a very considerable likeness. I looked at the book-shelves—a curious medley; science, fiction,

LADY BURTON FIVE YEARS OLD.



From Photo by] THE SARCOPHAGUS. [*Fradelle & Young.*

religion; Lyell's "Principles of Geology" side by side with some book of devotion or quaint "Lives of the Saints." "I read all sorts of things," explained Lady Burton to me. "I am very desultory, but books of travel and on the East interest me most, and I am very fond of poetry. I read novels sometimes to cool my head at night. I love weird, supernatural things. I like detective stories. I like Rudyard Kipling. He writes just as my husband used to talk, so I know it's all true; he has that downright way of going straight at things." I expressed great admiration of Lady Burton's life of her husband, for indeed it appeared to me to be well worthy of such praise, presenting as it does an absolute photograph of a most remarkable man, telling as it does the story of a very wonderful life. "Well," she replied, "its chief merit is

From Photo by [*Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

MAUSOLEUM WHERE RICHARD BURTON REPOSES.

that it is perfectly truthful. When he used to dictate to me bits of autobiography, I would sometimes say, 'Oh, do you think it would be well to write this?' and the answer always was, 'Yes; I do not see the use of writing a biography at all unless it is the exact truth, a very photograph of the man or woman in question.' This I have stated in the preface, or 'foreword' to my book. And it is on this principle that I have written. I have had no leisure to think of style, or polish, or to select the best language, the best English, no time to shine as an authoress. I have just thought aloud, and put down my thoughts exactly. I cannot do justice to his scientific life—I may have missed other things that would have been more brilliantly treated by a skilled and clever writer. But there is one thing I *have* been able to do—and that only I, his wife, could have done—I have lifted the veil that hid the *inner* man. He was misunderstood and unappreciated by the world, for no one ever thought of looking for the real man beneath the cultivated mask that hid all feelings and belief. I have lifted the veil, and now the world is beginning to know what it has lost."

NEW POINTS IN THE LIFE OF GOETHE.

IT is impossible to imagine a more attractive occupation for an enthusiast than the composition of a Goethe biography. A poet whose life presents as interesting a problem as his work, whose personality won the hearts of his contemporaries as his genius conquered their intellects, who wrote his own autobiography, and saved even the first rude draughts of his works from the burning—he presents such fascinating material that the wonder is, not that we have so many biographies of him, but rather that they are not indefinitely multiplied. Yet the task is as hard as it is attractive, and the sympathy is rare that can follow him from his precocious childhood, through a stormy youth, in which sentimentalism and true artistic feeling contended for the mastery, on his Italian journey which taught him how to reconcile romanticism and classic repose, to the dignified manhood of one who was at the same time poet, artist, scientist, politician, courtier, in short "a man take him for all in all." It is pretty generally agreed even in Germany that hitherto our own countryman Lewes has come nearest to success. But now it is claimed that a German Lewes has arisen, and a greater than Lewes, insomuch as the new biographer, by the fact of his German nationality, can penetrate certain sides of Goethe's personality that must ever remain closed to a foreigner.

This latest biography is by Dr. Albert Bielschowsky, a new writer, and is published by Oskar Beck at Munich. The first volume, which is to be followed in the autumn by the second and final one, has as frontispiece a photogravure of a somewhat fanciful picture, "Goethe in Italy," taken from a picture painted in 1787 by his friend Tischbein, who acted as his cicerone during his Roman sojourn. The book has been greeted in Germany with a perfect chorus of approval that seems well merited. The style is modern, with no trace of the old *Periodenaufbau* which the Germans themselves have ceased to admire; it is luminous and attractive, and the author has carefully assimilated his material and presents it clearly to us without giving the impression, as his countrymen so often do, of taking us into the workshop, showing us all the raw material, while refusing to prejudice us in our application of it. In fact, he happily combines German learning with a French lucidity of expression. The author aims in the first place at a comprehension of Goethe's personality, and bases his criticism of the works on this, a method which, though fatal in many cases, is eminently suited to Goethe. He quotes Wieland's remark that "Men failed to understand Goethe because so few were capable of forming a conception of such a man." This difficulty was really due to the many-sidedness of the poet's nature. Goethe had some portion of every human characteristic, and was on that account "the most human of all human beings." As such Bielschowsky proceeds to characterise him. He was more than other men a microcosm; no side of man's nature but could find an answering chord in him. Hence he might truly say, in his old age, that it had been his lot to experience a succes-

sion of joys and sorrows, any of which alone would have been enough to prove fatal.

The Goethe archives and Proceedings of the Goethe Society supply the latest biographer with matter that was inaccessible to his predecessors, and he has thoroughly searched the fresh material with the result, by no means rare, of rehabilitating the original authority—in this case Goethe himself. He tells us that the further he proceeded with his work the more conservative he became. "As I penetrated further into the original source and brought to light more fresh material, I grew more and more impressed with the fidelity of Goethe's remembrance, the reality of his striving after truth, and the correctness of his retrospective criticism. Hence I could only differ from him when authentic proofs or convincing arguments controverted him." Bielschowsky follows Goethe and Lewes and most other writers on the subject in laying great stress on the poet's ancestry and early surroundings. The influence of the Seven Years' War and the presence of a French officer who was quartered in the house are familiar to all readers of Lewes, and Goethe has himself so fully described this period that there remains little to add except the discovery that the officer's name was Thoranc, not Thorane, and that the little boy who initiated him into the delights of French plays and mock duels was probably called De Rosnes and not Derones. All which is of no consequence, and is wisely relegated to the notes, along with the congratulatory verses addressed to his grandparents on New Year's Day, 1757, which may be described as "very good considering," and as the first, though probably not unassisted, poetic efforts of the child are certainly worth preserving. Some recently discovered letters throw fresh light on his student life at Leipzig, where he devoted himself to everything except lectures and law. They deal chiefly with his relation to Käthchen Schonkopf, and the passionate jealousy of these outpourings to his friend Behrisch are interesting as indicating one of the passing phases of Goethe's *Sturm und Drang* time, which found literary utterance in "Die Laune des Verliebten." The Strassburg time and Herder's influence on the young poet's literary studies receive sympathetic treatment, as also the Sesenheim episode. The difficult question of Goethe's relations to women is one that none of his biographers can shirk, and it is honestly faced by Bielschowsky, who makes no attempt to prove, as some writers do, that the cause of the unhappy ending of the love episodes was in each case a different one. Goethe himself, he thinks, gives us the clue in "Dichtung und Wahrheit," when he tells Frederike the story which he afterwards transformed into "Die neue Melusine." A man falls in love with the fair daughter of the dwarf king. Union between them is only possible on condition of his being reduced to her size. She puts a ring on his finger, and he becomes a dwarf. All the dwarfs give him greeting, and the king fixes the following day for the wedding. "What terrible sensations were mine when the word marriage was uttered!" He attempted flight, but was seized and brought back by a troop of ants, and submitted perforce to his fate. Then followed a period of happiness on a tiny scale, but he still retained within him the consciousness of his former size. Thus the true meaning of an ideal was revealed to him; he could be content with nothing less than his own ideal of himself. At last he filed through the ring, and regained his former dimensions. The parable is easy of interpretation. Goethe was torn between his horror of marriage as a check to his intellectual growth and the fascination which beauty always exercised on him and which he exercised so largely in return. Hence the many love tragedies all ending in the same way.

This volume ends with Goethe's return from Italy in 1788, and thus includes the first period of his Weimar residence and the composition of Werther, Götz, Egmont, Iphigenie, and Tasso. All these are subjected to a detailed and careful criticism, based on Goethe's own remark, "My production has always kept pace with the events of my life." Iphigenie and Tasso are classed along with Falk, Proserpina, die Geschwister, and Elpenor as "dramas of longing" (Sehnsuchtsdramen). "We cannot doubt that the key-note of these plays is to be found in the longing first for the love and afterwards for the possession of Charlotte von Stein, strengthened in the case of Elpenor, Iphigenie, and Tasso by the death of his only and much-loved sister." His view of Tasso is in many respects an original one. In opposition to Kuno Fischer, who regards Antonio as an unimportant character introduced after the first draft of the work, he considers him absolutely essential to the action as the prosaic contrast to Tasso, the reconciliation as only apparent, and the simile of a "rock" applied to him by Tasso in the last scene as really suggesting "a refuge in time of need, but not a friendly place of abiding," since the conflict between realism and idealism cannot be thus summarily closed. One of the most valuable parts of the work deals with Goethe's political work. For this the materials had to be laboriously collected from stray references in diaries, chance remarks in letters and hints in Wilhelm Meister. The result is a picture of a minister who did not shrink from such small economies as could be effected by the diminution of the number of daily guests at the Court dinner table, and at the same time could rise to the conception of an union of the smaller German States which should preserve them from the risk of absorption by either Austria or Prussia. It is this constructive use of his material together with his descriptive skill and vivid presentation of the man that constitute the special charm of this new biography. The field has been too fully harvested by the multitude of previous writers to leave much valuable matter for late comers to glean. Mention must however be made of the recovery of the Leipzig poems entitled "Annette," though the most important of these, to judge from the prose sketch in Dichtung and Wahrheit, is still missing; the controversy whether any of the poems addressed to Frederike are by Lenz; the vexed question as to whether Götz originated in Frankfurt or Strassburg, where Bielschowsky unhesitatingly follows Goethe in his account of the matter; and the surmise, now become a certainty, that the Bruder Martin of Götz is Martin Luther.

If the second volume which is promised for the autumn is equal to the first, there can be little doubt that this is destined to become the standard life of Goethe.

ALICE ZIMMERN.

ASOLO.

A MEAGRE stream of pilgrims find their way to the house in the narrow winding street of Asolo where a wall-tablet tells that Robert Browning lodged and wrote his last poems. The few pilgrims are mostly Americans; not many others have the energy, on a poet's account, to go so far out of their way to the inconvenient, poverty-stricken mountain town. And the guide-books don't suggest many reasons for a visit. So that the rather numerous pens which the poet apparently used in the writing of "Asolando" must surely all be on the other side of the Atlantic by this time. Venetians find their way up in summer, but to their own white villas, to escape the heat of the plain. Whether tourists come or not, the Asolani are proud of the English poet and of his commemoration of their name. They probably have never tried to read him; and to think of his uncouth vigour clothing itself with the soft Venetian speech is grotesquely impossible. But they call him "most illustrious," cherish relics of him in their civic museum, and the traditional favour which all Italians, even in their lamentably inartistic present, regard art and letters, is none the less warm in his case that the dead poet's son is their active fellow-citizen and benefactor. They have had, one gathers from the local guide-book, writers of their own, but save the witty Bembo, and he was a temporary importation, their fame has had to be painfully unearthed, and flourishes only in the annals of grammarians.

Browning was a very young man when he first found out the little town—

> "How many a year, my Asolo,
> Since—one step just from sea to land—
> I found you, loved, yet feared you so."

His fear was evidently on account of a felt inability to express its beauty; and it is only on second thoughts that "Pippa Passes" seems to give a characteristic picture of the place and its people. But if one lingers long enough, it will be owned that the poem, so designedly a contrast between fresh innocence and the darker sides of life, hits exactly the impression that Asolo leaves on the memory—in early spring at least, when I saw it. Spring brings more living, piquant youth to its hill-sides than surely to any other spot on earth; and even to the unsentimental traveller its old streets, despoiled palaces, and towers, tell sad stories out of a long time ago. Asolo has been often enough described. Pictures of the surrounding country are met with in the Italian note-books of many a wanderer, George Sand's among others. In Mr. Horatio Brown's "Life on the Lagoons," the charm of the little town is delightfully suggested, and it will certainly have its place in Dr. Robertson's forthcoming work, which deals with the country from Venice to the Dolomites. Another description cannot be excused; it can only be accounted for by that vain but incontrollable passion that all northerners are possessed by, to render homage to the grace of Italy, quite undeterred by the consciousness that what is written with the flattery of love is in the end not even justice.

No encouragement is given you to reach Asolo. If you come from Venice you find the "one step just from sea to land" (a matter of thirty miles or so) a formidably tedious journey by way of Treviso and Cornuda. The train leaves you with eight long miles to get over in a ramshackle diligence. Or, if you come from the west, and get out of a sleepy train at Giorgione's town of Castelfranco, the distance is longer still. When, on foot or in the diligence, you have toiled up the steep hill on which the town is built, you will learn that the advent of your kind is too rare to be prepared for. You will not be unwelcome, for the Asolani are amiable; but they have no such opinion of their attractions as to make decoying efforts to keep you long. Possibly, too, unless you hit on a time of year when the earth is well clothed, you may think the landscape more strikingly queer than beautiful. I can imagine a traveller, and have heard of some, hurrying away very fast, with just a hasty acknowledgment that the town had something very picturesque about it. Other strangers have come and never gone away again. Out on the north side, looking from the Rocca—an old citadel crowning the summit of the hill, which earns gratitude not only from the eye but sometimes from the mind as well, since one is not burdened by its history, learned persons knowing nothing reliable about it—you meet a sight altogether new, and you learn something about the Venetian painters you probably never realised before. The background is the fine range of the Julian Alps, about six or seven miles off. In front of these, at your feet, are rows and rows and groups of little round hills, vine-clad in the later year. But though put to human uses now, they can only have been built long ago for fun by giants' children. Topping them, climbing about them, or nestling under them, are little white towns, with thin, straight, gleaming campaniles, placed with the inevitable Italian sense of the decorative. Among these, conspicuous, lies Possagno—whither Pippa went on her one holiday—with its classic temple commemorative of Canova, who was born here, graceful and imposing among its cypresses, but perhaps, like that eminent sculptor's fame, best looked at from a distance. Very likely you had thought that the great Venetian painters, with their intensely human interests, were not landscapists at all, that the bare round bronze hills on which their Christs prayed in loneliness, or the castellated mounds that made backgrounds for their saints, were childish conventions, quaint, charming, picturesque, but untrue to any landscape under the sun. Here you find your mistake and their models. They painted what they knew; and you adjust your notions of their development. From this striking, in the end fascinating, but I will confess, rather disturbing view, you turn for rest to the south, and look over the great Venetian plain, where vastness under the magic atmosphere is transmuted into beauty; for how detail contributes to the effect it would be hard to say. Two pictures of it rise to one's mind; on a clear day, with its dotted white hamlets, it is a great pastureland with scattered silver sheep, recalling imaginations of the East; or, under a light haze, it is a soft boundless sea, laving the higher country where you stand, the bell-towers masts of rare mysterious ships; and far off, now in sight, and now vanished again, rise those dream hills, the Euganeans, which, seen from the lagoons or from the higher lands of the Veneto, are not mortal hills at all, but magic isles, ghosts of a lost Atlantis.

The little town that Browning loved so long is a typical

one of the neighbourhood. Strongly fortified at one time, part of the stout old walls still run round it and up to the Rocca. The Castle, with its burly tower, is still reminiscent of an old dignity, or rather of the grabbing power of Venice, which planted its winged lion here as elsewhere. The citadel, the tower, the peculiarly graceful campanile of the cathedral, group themselves finely as you look up at the white town from some sunny riva of the hill on which it grows. There are many points of view; there are no sights. A piazza, with lines of chestnut trees and a lion-carved fountain, and a long street that winds and twists, pretending to be several, make up the most of it. The houses are arcaded; the walls still glow with scarlet and gold fresco spots; and on a fine market-day the place is ablaze with colour from the headgear, the cloaks, the sleeves, the stockings, the aprons, the wares of the buyers and sellers, a talking, bustling, singing, declaiming crew. Among the girls there are many you may name Pippa, as you watch them fill their copper buckets at the fountain, or in groups knitting by the roadside in the evening. But there are no silk-mills now. A few Pippas are employed at the new lace-school; this last a pleasant sign that to its English lovers Asolo owes some practical helps towards a much-needed prosperity.

But like every place with a history, and like all the unprosperous ones, it has its hour, and that is by night, when the few crude signs of modern life, and especially your own very unpicturesque self, have melted into the darkness. Then it shines and glooms under the moon and the dim oil-lamps, a mediæval town once more; mysterious figures in voluminous brigands' cloaks come from under dark archways, surely for no other purpose but tragic or romantic assignations; and its towers look as proud as when they marked the city that held a queen. The Castle of Asolo has been shorn of much of its space and all its grandeur since Caterina Cornaro dwelt there. It is now, by the humorous economy of the municipio, used for theatre and prison. But its commanding position, so long as one stone of its tower stands on another, will remind you of the Venetian lady whom fortune capriciously raised to be an Eastern queen, and as capriciously—for Venice was the hand it used—banished from her throne in Cyprus to this little mountain town. Caterina had taken her dignity with much seriousness, and struggled hard to retain it; but what was a woman, with even loyal subjects, before the unrelenting will of the Republic who had no further use for her as their puppet? So she played at royalty in Asolo, held a court there, with flatterers, wits, and laureates, all complete, and ruled benevolently a very tiny kingdom, but more her own than Cyprus had ever been. Tradition will not let us imagine her as very happy in this obscurity. Her tower looks over the great plain, and the plain is so like the sea; and from Asolo Castle the eye of an exile seems ever to strain to the south and east. For the Lady of Asolo, though her name was blessed by the humble, had all the pride of her race. Hers is an old and familiar story, but it possesses you in Caterina's town, and whenever you think yourself back there again.

A. M.

NEW BOOKS.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

Though dedicating this "Child's History" to her "child's child"—a descendant of "Margaret, our national saint and queen"—Mrs. Oliphant not only refrains from entitling it "Tales of a Grandmother," but earnestly deprecates a comparison with Sir Walter's "Tales of a Grandfather." In deference to her urgent request, kindly critics will refrain from making the dreaded comparison; and through courtesy to her sex may write less hardly of her work than it deserves, notwithstanding her frank reminder that their part "is not to be gentle, but just." As might be expected in such a work from the pen of such a writer, the exciting story of her country is told with becoming simplicity, is well balanced in its proportions, is pervaded by quite a healthy moral tone, and aims at being fair to all parties. On the other hand, it is not destitute of aggravating misprints and slovenly sentences; and, what is of much more consequence, it contains unpardonable blunders enough to betray the superficial nature of the talented writer's knowledge of Scottish history during almost the whole period of which she treats—from the days of Malcolm Canmore to the Union of 1707.

The unlucky misprint in the first line of the first chapter may have an "un-Scotch" savour, but it is not misleading; and that is more than can be said of the deliberate statement on a subsequent page, that Stephen established himself on the English throne "for a time," as if youthful readers would infer that these words imply almost twenty years. Is it really the case, or only a poetic fancy, that the Maid of Norway was "lost at sea," and so "saved perhaps by the wild northern seas from a still worse shipwreck amid the storms of life"? It is rather bewildering to speak of William the Lion as "probably not much more than a boy" when he was over thirty, of James the Fourth as "almost a man" when only sixteen, and of Knox as a "young man" when he was forty. But it is hardly worth while to point out such trifling flaws in a work bristling with serious blunders.

Despite Mrs. Oliphant's statements to the contrary, it is quite certain that neither Dunfermline nor Perth could ever boast of having a cathedral; and it is just as certain that neither Mary Queen of Scots nor Charles the First was born in Edinburgh. It is more inexcusable in one who has "a much-diluted" drop of Bruce's blood in her veins to confound his wife with his mother, and to give no hint of the romantic courtship of the heiress of Carrick. The Princess Magdalen, the fragile wife of James the Fifth, did not land on Scottish soil on the 1st of January, 1537; and it is absurd to speak of "her wintry journey probably hastening her end," seeing that her voyage was in the month of May. It is hardly warrantable to say that Henry the Eighth "raged ineffectually" after the battle of Pinkie and after Mary's voyage to France, when he had died quietly a considerable time before. This feat, however, is not quite equal to Mary Tudor's, who, it seems, still reigned in England after being dead for two-and-twenty years. When Norman Lesley and his fifteen daring associates seized St. Andrews Castle, they did not kill the defenders, but only broke the head of the porter and despatched his master the Cardinal. Knox did not arrive there "at Easter very shortly before," but at Easter ten months after. He was not made to assume "the office of preacher in the cathedral," but of preacher in the parish church. The defenders of the castle at the moment it was seized by Lesley were not few in number; nor was Lesley's force so very small when he in turn had to render it. Mary of Guise did not die "amid every appearance of triumph and success." Mary Stuart became a widow at eighteen, not at twenty. The "Book of Common Order" was not "ordained to be used throughout Scotland by Murray's first parliament," nor by any other parliament. It was not James the Sixth, but Charles the Second who "declared that Presbyterianism was not a religion for a gentleman." Like most Southrons, Mrs. Oliphant stumbles sadly over the Covenants. Not only does she ignore the memorable renewal in 1596, not only does she give a wrong date for the great scene in the Greyfriars Churchyard in

* "A Child's History of Scotland." By Mrs. Oliphant. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1895.)

1638, not only does she hopelessly confound the National Covenant with the Solemn League and Covenant, not only does she misquote the National Covenant itself, but she cites and expounds a passage about his Majesty's descent from "one hundred and seventy kings" which no other person has found in either the one Covenant or the other. The "homely Scotch commissioners" at the Hague did not offer the allegiance of the ancient kingdom to Charles the Second, on condition "that he should accept and swear the Covenant, the national bond, and in addition the great body of doctrine contained in the (Westminster) 'Directory, Confession of Faith and Catechism.'" The Church of Scotland was not "compelled to accept" "the system of lay patronage" by King William's government, that measure of iniquity being reserved for Queen Anne.

From these samples of Mrs. Oliphant's errors some idea may be formed of their diversified nature, though not of their number. She has, moreover, fallen into grave errors of judgment as well as into serious errors of fact; and her sins of omission are neither few nor slight. She has crowded so much matter into her closely printed pages that one is loath to tax her with the omissions; but she might, for example, have said a little more about the martyrs under the Papacy. Surely some reference might have been made to the godly vicar of Dollar, and some allusion to the aged and fearless Walter Mill. She is inaccurate, of course, concerning each of the three whom she does mention—Resby, Hamilton, and Wishart. But to the last of these she is also grossly unjust, alleging that "it has now been proved that Wishart had really come to Scotland in consequence of a conspiracy to kill the Cardinal, and was more or less an emissary of the English in that matter." On the contrary, this has never been proved, and the latest research tends to make it more incredible than ever. She again betrays her prejudice, or rather perhaps her lack of knowledge, when she ventures to "doubt very much" whether Knox "could be said to be in any way a loveable man." If her harsh and crude judgments of the Reformers will not "go down" with zealous Protestants, neither will her obvious opinion as to Mary's share in Darnley's murder be approved by the credulous devotees of the most unfortunate of Queens. Nor will Lethington's disingenuous apologist—despite her keen appreciation of his work—accept her statement that the wily secretary poisoned himself. To her credit, be it said, Mrs. Oliphant is no partisan.

While the results of original research are not to be looked for in the pages of any Child's History, there at least ascertained facts ought to be told with scrupulous accuracy, and there opinions should only be expressed after the evidence has been carefully weighed and maturely considered. As the knowledge acquired in youth is usually retained with wondrous tenacity, it is the more to be regretted that trustful innocence should ever be imposed upon by mangled facts and unwarranted conclusions, whether due to bitter feeling, unreasoning prejudice, absolute incompetence, or, as in the present case, to heedless haste.

D. HAY FLEMING.

SOCIAL RIGHTS AND DUTIES.*

In these two volumes Mr. Leslie Stephen has collected the papers on ethical subjects which from time to time during recent years he has addressed to the ethical societies of London. Some of them have already been published in various magazines, but had they been allowed to remain there without resurrection, the public would have had ground of complaint. For nothing which Mr. Leslie Stephen has given to the world, not even his "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," is better fitted to contribute to clear thinking on subjects of urgent importance, or worthily to exhibit the strong and subtle dialectic and trenchant style of the most serious critic and one of the most powerful minds of this generation. The subjects handled are precisely those ethical problems which equally vex the philosopher and the man in the street: competition, luxury, heredity, the vanity of philosophizing, Professor Huxley's contention that the cosmic process is at war with moral progress. On all of these themes much has already been written, but those who have most eagerly followed the advance that has been made in their discussion will be the readiest to acknowledge that in these essays a forward step has definitely been taken.

As six subjects are dealt with in each volume, it is, of course, impossible to call attention to all the essays. In the paper on "The Morality of Competition" he dwells on the impossibility of getting rid of it. "So long as human nature varies indefinitely, so long as we have knaves and honest men, sinners and saints, cowards and heroes, some process of energetic and active sifting is surely essential to the preservation of social health; and it is difficult to see how that is conceivable without some process of active and keen competition." For the evils which result from competition he has no specific. The ideal state in which competition should be so regulated as to be equivalent to a process of bringing about the best possible distribution of the whole social forces, has not yet been reached, and is scarcely within sight. At present we can only aim at eliminating from competition whatever is dishonourable, at spreading enlightenment and good feeling, and at helping the unfortunate. This may not seem very helpful. But Mr. Stephen is not a practical politician, but a critic and a philosopher.

In dealing with that last utterance of Professor Huxley in which the philosophical man of science seemed to betray an uneasy consciousness that his science and his philosophy were pulling him asunder, Mr. Stephen effectively shows that it is only a crude and lop-sided idea of the cosmic process which can be supposed to be at variance with moral progress. Alongside of the destructive and self-assertive elements in man and beast which are developed by the struggle for existence there are also evolved tacit alliances and an energetic altruism. The struggle for life among the lower animals necessarily involves co-operation: one race cannot exist without the existence of others. These tacit alliances are recognised and respected by man, in so far as he becomes a reasonable being. The altruism which is instinctive in the animal mother and mate is an essential element in evolution. Here Mr. Stephen follows a line of thought with which Professor Drummond has made us familiar. But Mr. Stephen shows how those tacit alliances and altruism become moral; how the elements of moral progress are the continuation of the cosmic process, and not its reversal. Morality proper begins when sympathy begins, when we really desire the happiness of others, and when our conduct is governed by this desire. "This, indubitably, is the greatest of all changes, the critical fact which decides whether we are to regard conduct simply as useful, or also to regard it as moral in the strictest sense. But I should still call it a development, and not a reversal of the previous process. The conduct which we call virtuous is the same conduct externally which we before regarded as useful. The difference is that the simple fact of its utility, that is, of its utility to others and to the race in general, has now become also the sufficient motive for the action as well as the implicit cause of the action." The blind instincts operating in parents and mates are the germ out of which has sprung all that we now recognise as morality. This may seem somewhat hard on the animals, to whom no credit for sympathy is given, and whose affections are reduced to apparently automatic instincts. But the paper should be read and taken to heart. Equally worth pondering and even more suggestive are the papers on Heredity, Punishment, and the Vanity of Philosophizing; while we can only express the hope that all writers, and especially journalists, will be the better for the advice tendered to them in the essay on "The Duties of Authors."

MARCUS DODS.

* "Social Rights and Duties." Addresses to Ethical Societies. By Leslie Stephen. Two Volumes. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd. The Ethical Library.)

AN IRISH PATRIOT.*

One night about twelve years ago I was standing on the doorstep of a man who had spent several years in prison, and more in exile, for Fenianism, and at whose house met from time to time most of the men and women who now make up what is called "The Irish Literary Movement." I had prolonged my "good-night" to ask my

* "Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day." By Lady Ferguson. 2 vols. (Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh and London.)

host's opinion of Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose verse I was reading for the first time and with boyish enthusiasm. I was so accustomed to find Unionist hating Nationalist, and Nationalist hating Unionist, with the hatreds of Montagu and Capulet, that his answer is impressed on my memory with a distinctness which may seem inexplicable to those who live in more placid lands. "Sir Samuel Ferguson," he replied, "is, I understand, a Unionist, but he is a better patriot than I am; he has done more for Ireland than I have done or can ever hope to do." Enthusiasm for the poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson was indeed the common possession of the Irish writers and students under whose influence or among whom I grew out of my teens—I but mention myself as typical of the new literary generation in Ireland. So soon as they found any to listen they wrote and talked and, I think, lectured on his writing, and with so much success that a few months ago, when one of the largest of the young men's societies debated the question, "Who is the national poet of Ireland?" Ferguson was voted the place long held by Davis or Moore. I have not read the debate, and so know nothing of the arguments, but ours would have been that Mangan had a more athletic rhythm, a more lyrical temperament, Allingham a more delicate ear, a more distinguished mastery over words, but that the author of "The Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley" alone had his roots in no personal idiosyncrasy, but in Irish character and Irish history, and that he alone foreshadowed the way of the poets who would come after him. We forgave his failures readily, and, like all Irish poets, his power of self-criticism was small and his failures many, because his faults were faults of hardness and heaviness, and not the false coin of a glittering or noisy insincerity which Moore and the rhetoricians had made current in Ireland. Davis, Mangan, D'Arcy Magee, Kickham, Carleton, Banim—almost every story-writer or poet who had taken the popular side in Ireland had ruined a part of his work by didactic writing, and even when they had written with a purely artistic purpose they had often failed to shake off habits of carelessness and commonness acquired in thinking of the widest rather than of the best audience; they had made themselves, and for the most generous of reasons, a mirror for the passions and the blindness of the multitude. Lady Ferguson's life of her husband makes one understand, however, with a new vividness, that Capulet is no better than Montagu for a poet. Sir Samuel Ferguson lived entirely among dignitaries, professional condemners of the multitude, archbishops and bishops, deans and archdeacons, professors and members of learned societies, Lord Chancellors and leaders of the Bar, and he who will may read in this book of their opinions and their actions, and try to read their letters, and when he has laid it down it will be as though he had wandered, and not without a certain curious interest, in that fabled stony city of Arabia or in that circle of outer space where Milton saw "cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers, tossed and fluttered into rags" before melancholy winds. Consumed with one absorbing purpose, the purpose to create an Irish school of literature, and overshadowed by one masterful enthusiasm, an enthusiasm for all Gaelic and Irish things, he wrote and talked through a long life; and, as he wrote and talked, a hardness and heaviness crept into his rhythm and his language from the dead world about him, marring the barbaric power of "Conary," still, with all its defects, the most characteristic of Irish poems, and making, as I can but think, the Homeric imagination of "Congal" without avail. This, which could not but have been accompanied by some diminution of his delight in beauty, had mattered less to him had he found ready sympathy for his love for the earth and stones of the land, and for his belief in its ultimate welfare; but even this poor sympathy was so rare that when a dignitary, an archbishop of the Irish Church, sent him some incredibly feeble verses inspired by an amiable but conventional patriotism—

"Go, point me out on any map
A match for green Killarney,
Or Kevin's bed, or Dunlo's gap,
Or mystic shades of Blarney,
Or Antrim's caves, or Shannon's waves—
Ah me! I doubt if ever
An Isle so fair you'll find elsewhere,
Oh! never, never, never"—

he hailed them as giving him more "hope and pleasure than any other expression of cultivated Irish sentiment that he had seen" for many years. He lived in a class which, through a misunderstanding of the necessities of Irish Unionism, hated all Irish things, or felt for them at best a contemptuous and patronising affection, and which through its disgust at the smoky and windy fires of popular movements had extinguished those spiritual flames of enthusiasm that are the substance of a distinguished social and personal life, a class at whose dinner-tables conversation has long perished in the stupor of anecdote and argument, and on whose ears the great names of modern letters fall to awaken no flutter of understanding, or even of recognition, and into whose churches no joyous and mystical fervour has ever come. When the new school of Irish literature and criticism was founded; a school whose declared purpose is to create in Ireland a true, cultivated, patriotic class, and which for the first time unites Montagu and Capulet in the one movement; Ferguson, a very old man, was without fame, and, but for the popular ballad books, which had always a few of his verses, without readers. To-day there are hundreds whom the ballad books could never have reached, who have made his "Fair Hills of Holy Ireland" an expression of their hearts.

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear;
Uileacan dubh O!
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high moontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand.
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,
Uileacan dubh O!
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea;
Uileacan dubh O!
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland."

W. B. YEATS.

STEVENSON'S "NORTHERN LIGHTS."*

It is the new matter in this volume that will first attract a reader, but I question whether the old has ever had the attention paid to it which its interest deserves. The Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin is not a model biography. Even some Stevenson enthusiasts seem never to have read, or, at least, never to have finished it. And it is not all written with the finish and the grace that we look for in his work. It was a fervent as well as a pious act of friendship, but it involved much ransacking of dull papers, and Stevenson was not at his best during or after that kind of work. Still, it gives a picture of a many-sided and interesting character—though he was a professor. But what is more to the point, its chief interest is really autobiographical. In the life of this professor, whose lectures he shamefully neglected, and whose fast friend he afterwards became, Stevenson tells as much of his own growth as he does in any of his more consciously autobiographic writing. Some of the attitudes, sophistries, and unconventionalities, those that we think of as peculiarly Stevenson's own, were learnt, or at least encouraged by the man who was continually teasing, criticising, and arguing with him. It is true, the biographer may have reported most vividly the points in Jenkin which were most sympathetic and entertaining to himself, but this is only another way of saying that this, the least popular of his works, throws a great deal of light on what was more popular than any of his works—Mr. Stevenson's own self. Here is one of the directer examples of this:—"I remember taking his advice upon some point of conduct. 'Now,' he said, 'how do you suppose Christ would have advised you?' and

* "The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Biography: Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin; Records of a Family of Engineers." (Edinburgh: Printed by T. and A. Constable.)

when I had answered that He would not have counselled me anything unkind or cowardly. 'No,' he said, with one of his shrewd strokes at the weakness of his hearer, 'nor anything amusing.'"

In the "Records of a Family of Engineers" Stevenson shows a little of the same awkwardness in dealing with the dreary mass of documents that falls to the hand of the biographer, but also a great deal of his characteristic faculty of bringing bright, romantic things to the surface. While mentioning the former point, I should also say that it is not a finished work; that we are allowed to see it without its author's final revision. Far more than half of it consists of slightly revised extracts from Robert Stevenson's account of the building of the Bell Rock lighthouse—"I have sought . . . to lighten a little the baggage with which my grandfather marches; here and there I have rejointed and rearranged a sentence, always with his own words, and all with a reverent and faithful hand." These are reprinted from a little-known quarto. It is not literature, but it gives a forcible picture of the pluck and vigour of the enterprise, and well earns the name of the "'Robinson Crusoe' of Civil Engineering." His father only appears incidentally; his portion of the memoirs remains unwritten; but the essay in "Memories and Portraits" fills the gap.

The first chapter treats of the family pedigree, certain and enigmatic. "On the whole, the Stevensons may be described as decent, reputable folk, following honest trades—millers, maltsters, and doctors, playing the character parts in the Waverley Novels with propriety, if without distinction; and to an orphan looking about him in the world for a potential ancestry, offering a plain and quite unadorned refuge, equally free from shame and glory." But the orphan looking about for a potential ancestry scented a more romantic chance. It seems the proscribed Macgregors took a fancy to the name of Stevenson, and so—"I cannot conceal from myself the possibility that James Stevenson in Glasgow, my first authentic ancestor, may have had a Highland *alias* upon his conscience and a claymore in his back parlour." The hero of the book is Robert Stevenson, the writer's grandfather, from whom came to him a large spiritual inheritance. He was a light-bringer, indeed, into dark places of peril, a hardy, dauntless spirit, with the genius, the "transcendental sense" of the born engineer, for which mechanical calculations are no substitute; and he had, too, that joy of living and wandering, which were born again in the Stevenson we know. "He must toss much in boats; he must track through unfrequented wildernesses; he must sometimes plant his lighthouse in the very camp of wreckers; and he was continually enforced to the vicissitudes of out-of-door life. The joy of my grandfather in this career was strong as the love of woman. It lasted him through youth and manhood, it burned strong in age, and at the approach of death his last yearning was to renew these loved experiences."

Of course, in his family stories the novelist had a fund of material to draw on. That he did so sometimes will be seen in this obvious origin of a well-known scene. Soutar, the captain of the *Regent*, on which the engineers cruised, was a wily rascal, who had wormed himself into Robert Stevenson's confidence. "My father and uncles, with the devilish penetration of the boy, were far from being deceived; and my father, indeed, was favoured with an object-lesson not to be mistaken. He had crept one rainy night into an apple-barrel on deck, and from this place of ambush overheard Soutar and a comrade conversing in their oilskins. The smooth sycophant of the cabin had wholly disappeared, and the boy listened with wonder to a vulgar and truculent ruffian."

A. M.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S "LITERARY LOG."*

In these two fascinating volumes Mr. Le Gallienne has given us a selection from his critical writings during the last five years. His intention was to furnish a literary diary of the time, and although, as he confesses, the department of fiction is very meagrely represented, the minute care bestowed on the poets and the essayists amply compensates for these inevitable omissions. The selection has been made chiefly from the *Star*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, the *Speaker*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. Readers who have learned to look out for Mr. Le Gallienne's work in the daily and weekly press will be thankful to have so much of it in permanent form. These volumes confirm his reputation as one of the most brilliant as well as most sagacious of our critics. "Criticism is the Art of Praise," he says in one of his prefatory maxims, but criticism from Mr. Le Gallienne is no mere brevet of mediocrity. He weighs with the most delicate discrimination every word of praise and blame. There are in the two volumes no fewer than four short criticisms of Mr. William Watson, and in each of these we find, side by side with the most cordial admiration, sentences which show that he has not fallen blindly under the spell of his distinguished fellow-townsman. "The poem gives us autumn as it appeals to man the phrase-maker. One can see the poet standing in front of the dying woods with a kind of epigrammatic camera. He has gone out with the firm intention of thinking clever things, and he comes back and says them."

A favourite writer of Mr. Le Gallienne's is evidently Mr. Augustine Birrell. Here is a pleasant reminiscence in a review of "Res Judicatæ" of Mr. Birrell's father. "Those who heard Mr. Birrell's father preach, or who only knew by sight his 'natty,' distinguished figure, will understand his son all the better for it. The remembrance of him in the pulpit illuminates the style and tastes of the author of 'Obiter Dicta.' He reminded one, at least from a distant pew, of Charles Lamb. There was a similar eighteenth century distinction about his neat, sprightly, and studiously well-bred personality. It comes out in especial relief in anecdotes which contrast him and the burly individuality of Hugh Stowell Brown. The elder Mr. Birrell, too, had a quaint, quiet humour which his son has also inherited and deepened."

Among the novelists, Mr. Le Gallienne has a hearty liking for Mr. Walter Raymond, whose "Love and Quiet Life" he describes as the most beautiful book, outside poetry, of its year. He has a keen appreciation of new writers, and the young literary aspirant could wish no better fate than to fall into his hands.

Not the least striking characteristic of these reviews is the writer's scrupulous avoidance of even a word that might give pain. He possesses the tradition of fine manners in criticism which Matthew Arnold did so much to create. As for the general merit of these two volumes, we may apply the test which the author himself sets up. When a book has real vitality, he says, it sets the mind to work upon old projects of culture. We will read Mr. Symonds' "History of the Renaissance," we will really make a start on Italian, or a determined sally upon Mr. Bullen's eight-volume Middleton. Readers of the "Literary Log" may not do any of these things, but they will turn with fresh interest to every one of the authors of whom Mr. Le Gallienne discourses.

* "Retrospective Reviews: a Literary Log." By Richard Le Gallienne. (John Lane.)

ETHNOLOGY.*

Writers on Anthropology may be divided into two classes, the theoretical and the practical. The former category includes those whose acquaintance with the subject is chiefly literary, who are more or less learned in the voluminous works which have been written on the many branches of this subject. The latter includes those who have given time and labour to the examination of man, both in the laboratory and in the field.

Writers of the first class are at a twofold disadvantage. There is the difficulty of correctly estimating the value of the several monographs and treatises with which they deal. Anthropology has been, and is still, a favourite field for the sciolist and the faddist, so that the literary man is apt to be led astray as to the value of researches which he is unable to test. Unless therefore such an author possesses a trained critical faculty of a high order, he is liable to be led into error by blind guides.

* "Ethnology." By A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. (Cambridge University Press, 1896.) 10s. 6d.

In the second place anthropology, so far as it is scientific, consists of those parts of the biological sciences which deal with man; the anthropologist is therefore occupied with problems in zoology, morphology, physiology, psychology, sociology and hierology (if we may coin a word to express what is commonly spoken of as comparative religion). If he would avoid the risk of falling into grievous error he must be conversant with the principles of these larger sciences.

Mr. Keane occupies a prominent place among the literary anthropologists, and this book is the fruit of wide reading in the British and foreign literature of the subject. As a consistent evolutionist of the pre-Weismann type, he endeavours to indicate the stages of growth of those characteristics of man which are most distinctive, and to represent the relationship between the several tribes by the graphic method of genealogical trees. He has not been always happy in his choice of authorities, and has been in consequence betrayed into the adoption of questionable statements and doubtful interpretations.

The title of the book is not well chosen. There is, without doubt, a considerable difficulty in discriminating between anthropology and ethnology and the two words are often used as if convertible, but in his opening sentence Mr. Keane endeavours, though with doubtful success, to make a distinction. Anthropology is, according to him, the most comprehensive branch of knowledge concerning man, "which embraces all the others," but on the next page he tells us that ethnology is "more all-embracing." He speaks of them as sister sciences, but he leaves such a meagre endowment to the elder sister that her portion is almost too slender to support an independent existence. The first half of the book is purely anthropological, while the latter half is partly ethnological and partly ethnographical.

Mr. Keane's want of practical knowledge of those sciences whereof anthropology is a section has led him into many serious mistakes. His zoology is occasionally at fault owing to the carelessness with which he has collated his authorities, thus, on p. 20 he says of the Orangoutan that its brain is "more human-like than in any other ape," while on p. 22 he says that the gorilla's brain is "convoluted like that of the orang but otherwise approximates nearest to the human type." He "detaches from the class mammals the large and widespread groups of apes and half-apes" as no other systematic zoologist does, all other writers include these in Mammalia. It is also misleading to use the binomial method indiscriminately for species and for varieties, and when quoting Linnæus, p. 25, he might have known that in no edition of the "Systema Naturæ" does that author call the negro Homo Æthiopicus. In the first seven editions it is "Africanus," in the later editions "Afer" (not *Asser* as Topinard has misread it and ventured an etymology!)

The morphological and anatomical parts need a very careful revision. It is startling to read that the greater animal growth of the cerebellum is determined by the premature closure of the "frontal serratures." All modern authorities put the relation between cranial and cerebral growth the other way about from that which we find on p. 177. The condition described there is only true of a few pathological cases, if true at all. Even when dealing with purely descriptive points there is the same want of accuracy, as when he speaks of the narrow oblique orbits of the Mongolians. A reference to any anthropological museum or to Sir W. Flower's Catalogue would have shown him that the yellow races are very little short of chamæconchism. He is often misled by quoting untrustworthy authorities, as in the statement about the opposability of the hallux in early fœtal life which a reference to specimens would have enabled him to correct. Mr. Keane's physiology is as untrustworthy as his anatomy. He tells us that the pigment of the negro is "under the second (Malpighian) skin" and its greater abundance is due to "an excess of vegetable food yielding more carbon than can be completely assimilated." Carbon may be the pigment in negroes of the "Moore and Burgess" type but the fuscins found in the skin of the real negro, are not quite so simple in their chemical relations. These are but types of a class of mistakes which will seriously interfere with the utility of the book for students.

Even when Mr. Keane leaves physical for mental science, he is not always happy. His view of conscience as the measure of self-consciousness is rather crude, and language is to him the only mental criterion of race worthy of consideration. In his second part, however, he deals with some points concerning the psychology and ethics of the black and yellow races.

Sociology is dismissed in a very few paragraphs and is, for the most part, relegated by him to ethnography. The consideration of hierology occupies less than three pages, too little when we consider its importance, especially on his own theory that the religious ideas of the different races are "the product of a common cerebral structure." One might have expected that these sections should have bulked more largely in this work, for if ethnology be the "branch of general anthropology, which deals with the relations of the different varieties of mankind to each other," the social and religious aspects of humanity are of primary importance in these respects. Mr. Keane must be sufficiently well acquainted with the literature of the subject to enable him to compile a comprehensive digest for the student's use on these subjects, as he has done on the physical side of anthropology.

The best section in the first part is that on languages, a subject to which Mr. Keane has devoted special attention. Some of his assertions are, perhaps, a little too unqualified, as, for example, his absolute denial of "linguistic miscegenation," that there is "no change of inner structure by any amount of contact but only word-borrowing." Certainly mixtures of vocabulary are common, so are mixtures in phonetics, and, being an Irishman, he might have known that his fellow-countrymen use mixed grammatical forms, as in the idiom "I am after going," the introduction into English speech of the Gaelic form "*tha mi air dol*." This is one of those sweeping generalisations that, while true in the main and in book languages, cannot be sustained when brought face to face with spoken provincial dialects in borderlands. While discussing mixed languages, Mr. Keane himself uses a mixed language in another sense by interspersing untranslated phrases from foreign writers in his text. Such sentences are common as "man was driven *en masse* by the advancing ice sheet to the central plateau, which is therefore taken not as the cradle of the species but as 'le centre de caractérisation des types ethiques fundamentaux de l'époque actuelle.'" This is, however, a question of taste.

In his second part, Mr. Keane has the advantage of an unusually extensive acquaintance with his authorities, and his treatment of it is much more satisfactory than is that of his anthropological section. There are a few points of detail upon which one may differ from him, but they do not seriously affect the general value of the section; the evidence of the Negroid affinities of Prof. Kollmann's European dwarf race is, to say the least, extremely doubtful. An Irishman might have known that the MS. evidence in his own language has effectually disposed of the notions of the pre-Christian date and fabulous antiquity of the round towers. It is only 734 years since one was erected by St. Lorcan O'Tuathal, and we have evidence of the building of others in the fifth and sixth centuries. There are other small bits of carelessness of revision like the assignment of the establishment of the inductive philosophy to "Nicholas Bacon" (p. 41).

Mr. Keane favours the African theory of the origin of the white races, and in general his account of the early migrations of mankind are in accordance with the views of Brinton and the American school. He correlates the Iberian, although long-headed, with the Ligurian who is markedly round-headed, although when he comes to the American continent he assumes that there must have been an independent source for the Eskimos, on account of a corresponding difference in cranial shape. He inclines to adopt the theory of a European origin for the Eskimos, but does not suggest from what European race they are an offshoot. He dissents from Professor Mason's theory of the water carriage of immigrants to America, but not on very conclusive grounds, and he has himself, when desiring to establish another point, tabulated on p. 218, points of identity between Japanese and Aztec eschatology.

On the whole, however, when the difficulties of writing a pioneer manual in a comparatively new branch are taken into account, and in view of the great want which teachers of anthropology have felt in the absence of an English textbook on the subject, this work, when carefully revised,

can be made to serve as a useful introduction, especially if Mr. Keane will only take as much pains to perfect himself on the practical side of the subject as he has done in dealing with its literature. The Cambridge University Press deserve the thanks of students of anthropology for thus endeavouring to put into their hands a resumé of the literature of a perplexing and unorganised branch of knowledge.

A. MACALISTER.

THE LOST PIBROCH.*

Mr. Neil Munro has added another to the already long list of idylls, and has gone for his material to the Celt of the Western Highlands. His book, however, is in no sense a repetition of those Scotch tales and sketches with which we have become so familiar. Domestic sentiment and humour are not the prevailing characteristics of a book which is full of the clash of swords and the stirring music of the pipes. This is not the Highlands of to-day as known to the tourist and the sportsman—the land of deer forests, grouse moors, shooting-lodges, steamers, coaches, and guide books. We are carried back to the past, perhaps a century or more, to that past which no doubt still lives in legend and tale among the natives, but which is almost inaccessible to the ordinary observer. In those days the cottages which to-day remain only as outlines of rough stones, overgrown with nettles, among the lonely glens, were full of life—the clans were a terror and a power in the land—there were forays and feuds, cattle-lifting, smuggling, fire and sword.

It is a fresh and original book, full of atmosphere and the open air, showing close observation and love of nature, and by a certain indescribable magic transporting us to the hills and lochs, so that we see the heather and the mist and the flash of the water, and hear the waves wash upon the shore. The vividness of the setting gives reality to the characters, for there is no attempt at close analysis—they are indicated, not described. There is a curious remoteness and sense of dream-like reality about the book which is especially noticeable in the opening pages, and which strikes the key-note of the whole. We are carried off to the "Half-Town that stands in the wood," and which can only be seen from the sea, "smoking to the clear air on the hill-side"; and once there we are in the mood for all that follows. The book carries with it that conviction of truth which compels belief. The Celt as we see him here is brave, proud, honourable, sometimes cruel and vindictive, somewhat of a fatalist, full of superstition and fairy lore, with a firm belief in the reality of the supernatural. There is no out-standing humorous character in these sketches, but there is enough latent humour in the author's way of looking at life to keep him from forcing or exaggerating his pathos. The final impression left on the mind is by no means one of gloom or despair, though some of the stories are grim enough, and there are some realistic touches of detail which might have been omitted without sacrificing anything of picturesqueness, vividness, or grip. A certain strain of sadness runs through the whole, but it is not hopeless—rather the sadness of resignation, of acquiescence in the inevitable. The book is written in a somewhat unusual style and gives the impression of a tolerably close rendering from a foreign language, the intention being evidently to represent as nearly as possible the Gaelic idiom. Consequently, the meaning, especially of the conversations, is not very easily grasped at the first reading, and certain inversions and mannerisms, such as the constant use of "the" instead of "a," or the noun alone, become after a time a little fatiguing. Still, these are minor blemishes, and the final impression is undeniably a vivid one. Perhaps the aim of rendering in English a foreign method of thought and expression might have been attained without sprinkling the pages with so many Gaelic words, which have to be sought for in the Glossary—a proceeding which interrupts the flow of the story. It might also be suggested that in a future edition the author should supplement the glossary by some hints as to the pronunciation of Gaelic; it is a language in which spelling is no guide to sound, and the average Englishman, attempting to read these stories aloud, would make terrible work of "piobaireachd" and "cruanluadh." Whether the "Lost Pibroch" will reach the height of popularity enjoyed by some of its Lowland predecessors remains to be seen. Perhaps the remoteness and strangeness already alluded to may prove obstacles in its way; but it is a book which deserves success. Strong, original, picturesque, it has that touch of genius which defies analysis, and must be felt to be realised.

L. G.

* "The Lost Pibroch." By Neil Munro. (Blackwood.)

LECTURES ON THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.*

We must confess that we look forward to the publication of the documents that shall better inform as to Mr. Froude's Oxford life with considerable curiosity. It is a far cry from the Council of Trent to the Oxford Movement. But it is tolerably clear that in the influences which surrounded Mr. Froude as undergraduate and as don is to be found the explanation of his attitude to the Sixteenth Century—that period to which he gave up the better portion of his life. What were the causes that cut him adrift from the views of Hurrell Froude? that made him abandon his orders and cast the dust of Oxford from off his feet? When he came to London in 1850, he was, we believe, already convinced that Oriel and all its works lead directly to Rome, and that Rome itself was an evil to be strenuously resisted. The Oxford Movement had made a profound impression upon him, and almost at once he turned to study the Sixteenth Century and the revolt of Northern Europe from Rome. And he certainly started with the intention of proving that the champions of the Reformation were righteous men combatting a rotten cause. Given the purpose, everything else will follow naturally. If you start with a theory, you are certain to find that theory borne out by the documents before you. If you wish to hold up particular views in a strong light, you will assuredly find no lack of contemporary writers to give their assistance. The infamy of Churchmen, the disinterestedness of Reformers will appear on every page, and the evolution of that amazing paradox, a pure-minded and unselfish Henry VIII., will present no difficulty whatsoever. These are the essentials of the *a priori* historian.

But in saying this we are not blaming Mr. Froude because in the book before us he has put forth no new reading or fresh verdict on the Council of Trent. A man does not change his opinions at three-score years and ten; to do so would suggest that his abandoned views had not been altogether deep-seated or sincere. If we come to the perusal of this book prepared for a vigorous denunciation of the Church as it existed at the end of the Middle Ages, we shall not be disappointed, and shall be able to enjoy to the full the easy and graceful language of this, the latest of Mr. Froude's works. The subject does not lend itself to narrative, and we can hardly expect any episode so enthralling as the negotiations of John Hawkyns with Philip II., or the "riddle" of Antonio Perez—perhaps the most brilliant of all his detached passages. But the unpromising nature of the subject only serves to bring out the writer's supreme mastery of English. To the end Mr. Froude's powers showed no sign of decay; rather the reverse.

As to the main outline of this book. It sets forth the extreme corruption of Church and Papacy in the sixteenth century, and emphasises the fact that the Reformation was a revolt of the laity against the clergy. The action revolves round Charles V. He is represented as being honestly desirous of reform, while remaining a loyal supporter of the Church. Repeated demands for a General Council are made, and Clement VII. and Paul IV. evade these demands, or make promises felt to be delusive. A Council would mean an attack on the Curia and an effective curtailment of its revenue. In particular the German princes felt that no trust could be placed in a Council sitting in Italy and therefore under direct Papal control. At last Charles V. obtains a durable peace with France, and can turn his attention to Germany. The Council meets at Trent, a city just within the boundaries of the Empire, and the opening sessions are described with some minuteness. Then follows the flight to Bologna, and finally the re-assembling at Trent after a considerable interval. With the

* "Lectures on the Council of Trent." By J. A. Froude, late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. (Longmans, Green and Co. 1896.)

march of Maurice of Saxony on Innsbruck in 1551, the book comes to an abrupt end. The Tridentine Fathers broke up hastily as the heretical forces drew nearer, and when they met again, ten years later, they were "in purpose and nature a new assembly. They met no longer with a pretence of desiring peace, but to equip and renovate the Roman Communion for the reconquest of its lost dominions."

Mr. Froude insists throughout on the insincerity of the Roman Curia in everything relating to reforms and to a General Council, and, we believe, rightly. The searching inquiry which must have resulted from a General Council would have been largely directed at the sources of the Papal income. Probably a determined effort would have been made to abolish many of the Papal exactions of which Churchman complained so bitterly. Pope and Curia were alike concerned vitally. In stating and emphasising their opposition, Mr. Froude has said little or nothing which is open to objection. But while concurring in his condemnation of the Pope, can we agree with his acquittal of Charles V.? To our thinking Pope and Emperor must receive the same sentence; both sacrificed large interests for their own personal and dynastic ends. But let us hear Mr. Froude's account of the Diet of Worms in 1521. "The Diet did not, could not acquit Luther. A majority in the great Council of the Empire could not . . . sanction an open breach with the established order of the world." Apart from the *suggestio falsi* contained in the word "majority," more than half the Diet had gone home before the Decree of Worms was published—we must submit that this is a most inaccurate account of the matter.

Charles wanted the support of Pope Leo in his struggle with Francis I., and the price of that support was that he should issue or induce the Diet to issue a decree against Luther. Charles thought and acted as a Hapsburg, not as a German. It was perhaps only natural that he should put dynastic before imperial interests. But it is none the less certain that in 1521 he had his chance and lost it. Never again was he to have before him an united and loyal Germany. Had he in 1521 put himself at the head of the German opposition to the Papacy, and demanded a reform in the discipline of the Church (we do not say the doctrine, that is a very different matter), the Pope could scarcely have refused. The Reformation might then have taken the form suggested by the events of 1438. There would have arisen a number of National churches, each largely autonomous; the Pragmatic Sanctions of Mainz and Bourges would have been re-enacted in a wider form. Such a Reformation was accomplished, as we know, in England. And to Germany such a Reformation might have brought political unity. But the opportunity was lost, and did not occur again. In effect, Charles V. betrayed the interests of the German nation; for the events of 1521 we must hold him quite as blameworthy as Leo. X. himself.

There is little in the book with which we have to quarrel on the score of accuracy; the facts that Mr. Froude state are more or less well established. The prevailing bias makes his tone and habit of language very unfair to the other side, but then we have explained that we do not look for impartiality in Mr. Froude's work. There are, however, one or two points to which we would take exception. In speaking of the sack of Rome (p. 87), he hints that Attila is to be numbered among the takers of that city. The name "Protestant" does not appear after the formation of the League of Schmalkald (p. 95), but some eighteen months before. Francis I. was not "forced to sue for peace at Crêpy" (p. 158); the request came from Charles, whose forces were rapidly dwindling away during the march on Paris. When at the end of Lecture VII. Mr. Froude is discussing the state of Germany at the time of the opening of the Council of Trent, he omits all mention of the fact that the League of Schmalkald had just decided to have nothing to do with the Council, and had been supported in their resolution by a tract on the Papacy, in which Luther surpassed himself in venom and scurrility—a very serious omission and a curious comment on the Lutheran demand for a Council. For the rest we commend this book to our readers. The latest work of a master of English prose, it does not yield in interest to anything he has given us before.

CLEG KELLY.*

Cleg was a mighty man of war from his infancy. He fought his father and the "poliss," and well-nigh every one in his city and neighbourhood that he did not fight for. He was in scrapes and perils every hour, but he had ninety and nine lives. He was starved and buffeted, yet his vitality was inexhaustible. He never turned his other cheek to the smiter, only smote back again lustily. His language was vigorously profane, and in a wordy encounter his foes would have been at as great a disadvantage as when he met them with fists. In fact, he was a boy, in the most aggravated sense of the word, one of bad repute and no up-bringing at all. Mr. Crockett revels in him, encourages his pranks in the most shameless way, and in the whole of his intercourse with him never gives him a single tract. Those who were ambitious of exerting a moral influence over Cleg had disappointment for their portion, or else were drawn by him into most questionable pursuits and company—Miss Celie Tennant, for instance, a young lady longing to save the souls of the young arabs of the Sooth Back, but possessed nevertheless of godless sympathies with their pranks, and a hearty sense of humour. This incident may not be probable. If so, more is the pity.

"'Mind, say *As sure as daith*, an' ye'll cut your throat, gin ye tell,' said Cleg, very earnestly, 'an' I'll tell ye—aye, an' make ye a member!'"

Then he made with blood (his own) the sign of a cross on her palm. "'It's no juist exactly richt, no to hae your ain blood, ye ken!' he explained, gravely; 'but as ye dinna tell so mony lees as the boys, maybe mine will do as weel this time to take your oath with'"—and Miss Celie was "a *bona-fide* acting member of the Sooth Back Gang," a most aggressively warlike crew, that left her the very first night to punish an enemy desperately on the highway. "After five well-spent and happy minutes, the Club re-entered wiping its brow, and . . . sat patiently down to endure its Scripture lesson."

Mr. Crockett has to lead Cleg by his own stormy ways to the level of a worthy citizen. And with a burglar for a father, the streets for his schoolroom, and no kind of pious temperament, this is not very easy. More important influences even than the companionship of the spirited Miss Celie, were the family responsibilities that came on him at an early age, the care of the miserable children of a drunken mother. This makes a man of him, while to all appearance he is still a very noisy, fighting, troublesome, and most unchristian lad. For a long time, indeed nearly all through, no fault can be found with Mr. Crockett's history of him. With his high spirits, saucy temper, and grit, Kelly was sure to fall on his feet. He was not sentimental, or meditative, or unworldly. He could make a bargain for himself as bravely as he could fight those who bullied his friends. He had the virtues and the courage of a man of the world. Cleg's street-boy's temperament is nowhere better described than in his state of mind when he found himself on the lonely hill above the signalman's hut. "His active frame did not stand idleness well. He grew distracted with the silence and the wide spaces of air and sunshine about him. He longed to hear the thunderous rattle of the coal-carts coming out of the station of St. Leonards. He missed the long wolf's howl of the seasoned South Side coalman." And it is this that makes Clegg's employment in Theophilus Ruff's eerie, dreary house seem a cruelty which he would not have borne. The melancholy story of Ruff and a few other incidents are fragments inserted, we think, just a little irrelevantly. And one more criticism: we are sure the Clegg we know, with the gift of speech which the quick-witted practical man has ever readier than his more meditative, imaginative friend, would not have lagged so far behind the poetical Kit Kennedy in the graces of love-making. We have no other fault to find with this lively book save that it escapes description. It is boyishly roystering and philanthropic at the same time. It paints the very blackest things in city life, and is radiantly optimistic; it brings us into the company of more than one domestic saint, but it rejoices in the strength of a young savage.

* "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE LITERARY STUDY OF THE BIBLE.*

Possibly Professor Moulton underrates the number of those to whom the Bible appeals as literature. No one who possesses a musical ear can fail to be fascinated by the eloquence of Isaiah or of Job even without the suggestions of Mozart; and no one with a feeling for literature can fail to admire the purity of the narrative style of Genesis or the Gospels. Faber did not exaggerate when he declared that the "uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country. It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego." But it is certainly true that extraordinarily little pains has been spent on presenting to the English reader the literary characteristics of the Bible. It would almost seem as if ingenuity had been taxed to set the Scriptures before the reader in a positively forbidding form. As Professor Moulton says: "Let the reader imagine the poems of Wordsworth, the plays of Shakespeare, the essays of Bacon, and the histories of Motley to be bound together in a single volume; let him suppose the titles of the poems and essays cut out and the names of speakers and divisions of speeches removed, the whole divided up into sentences of a convenient length for parsing, and again into lessons containing a larger or smaller number of these sentences. If the reader can carry his imagination through these processes he will have before him a fair parallel to the literary form in which the Bible has come to the modern reader." Professor Moulton's aim, however, is much more thorough than the mere printing of the English Bible in a more attractive form. He seeks to ascertain with precision the literary forms used by its various writers and to exhibit the actual character of each passage. This involves an accurate knowledge of what may be called the morphology of literature, and an elaborate and close examination of the entire Bible in its literary aspect. In both these departments Professor Moulton is instructive. The difference between prose and poetry, between Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic poetry, the province and function of the proverb and the essay, are handled with the sure touch of an expert. In applying the principles and laws thus discovered to the actual books of the Bible, excellent judgment is displayed. This part of the work involves a true conception of the scope of each book and of the relation of its parts; and while in regard to some of the books, notably Solomon's Song, opinions may differ, it will be felt that in the main Professor Moulton is a safe, vivacious, and most instructive guide. The results are given in the fullest detail in an Appendix in which each passage of Scripture is allotted to its proper literary form in accordance with the preceding investigation. The book is a very considerable advance on anything previously written on the subject. Hitherto some parts of Scripture have been dealt with, and this only in a tentative and haphazard manner; but Professor Moulton's work is complete and scientific. It cannot fail to create in many minds a new interest in the Bible, and must be accepted as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Hebrew literature.

MARCUS DODS.

THE FLORENTINE REPUBLIC AT THE TIME OF DANTE.†

Some two or three years ago English historical students, and all others in this country who have a love for the city of Dante, were made glad by the news that Professor Villari, whose reputation stands as high in England as in his native land, was about to give to the world a "History of Florence" through the medium of an English publishing house. The book was well advertised before its publication; and many cherished the hope that they were at last to see a really satisfactory account of the Florentine Republic. When, however, the first volume appeared, it was found to contain "no consecutive narrative," but "merely a collection of historical lectures and essays," "of a very mixed nature, and produced at different intervals." As a consequence of this the book has received somewhat severe treatment at the hands of reviewers. Now that historical critics have got over their first feeling of disappointment, it is assuredly their duty to explain to the reading public that nothing is wrong about the book except the title; for both in the first and second volumes are to be found most valuable contributions to the history of the Republic. It has, in fact, all those great qualities which have gained for Professor Villari's other works so high a place in historical literature. Throughout the author shows his unrivalled power of dealing with difficult and complex historical questions; and some of its narrative passages are equal to the most brilliant chapters in the author's "Savonarola" or "Machiavelli."

The volume before us naturally falls into three divisions. The first seventy pages are occupied by an essay on "The Family and the State in Italian Communes." Then follows the story of one of the most interesting periods of Florentine history (1292-1313). At the end of the volume Professor Villari has caused to be printed a thirteenth-century chronicle hitherto unpublished, which may be regarded as a kind of *pièce justificative* in support of some of the conclusions put forward in the first volume. The book taken as a whole is nothing more or less than an interesting collection of "Studi e Documenti"; and had it been published in Italy, would no doubt have borne that title.

It is the second portion of the book that will be of most interest to English readers. In it Professor Villari traces with singular cleverness the various steps which led up to the triumph of the aristocracy of wealth over nobles and people alike. One fault alone can be found with his treatment of the subject. Notwithstanding that he shows quite clearly what were the consequences of the events that immediately preceded and followed the proclamation of the "Ordinamenti di Giustizia," he nevertheless persists in speaking of this victory of an oligarchy of wealthy burghers as though it were "a triumph of democracy." Such mistakes were common enough among English writers of some twenty or thirty years ago, when the Manchester school were still a power in the land, and when so many excellent people were deceived by their fair-sounding phrases; but one expects better things in these days from a writer of Professor Villari's philosophic temperament. The successful merchant, it is true, is ever ready to fight side by side with the proletarian, so long as he is able in doing so to gratify his own rancorous social jealousies and unostentatiously to advance the interests of his own class. Whilst the strife is still raging he mouths continually the war-cries of democracy, and calls heaven to witness that the cause of freedom has no firmer friend than he. He will even don the red cap, and shout the Marsellaise; and will dance the carmagnole with as much abandon as is consistent with his exigent sense of propriety. After the battle is over and the victory won, the deluded proletarian always discovers, however, that he has merely suffered a change of masters; that the fine words of his former allies meant nothing at all; that his new tyrant, whilst he is less frank, is in reality more exacting than the old; and is more unbending and persistent in his opposition to the legitimate aims of those beneath him. Such was the final issue of the successive social conflicts that were waged in Florence in the closing years of the fourteenth century. Villani, in a passage which Professor Villari himself quotes with approval, has summed up in a few words the results of these struggles. "From the time," he says, "of the departure of Giano della Bella, the artisans and populace had little power over the Commune, and remained in the grasp of powerful and rich burghers."

Dino Compagni's many admirers will rejoice to know that Professor Villari still holds firmly to his belief in the authenticity of the chronicle which bears the name of the friend of Giano della Bella. In fact, in describing some of the most important events of the time, the latest historian of Florence follows closely the very words of Compagni. Those who love Florence have not forgotten the pang which smote them when they heard the tidings that a serious attack had been made upon the genuineness of

* "The Literary Study of the Bible:" An Account of the leading forms of Literature represented in the Sacred Writings. Intended for English readers. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Literature in the University of Chicago. (Isbister and Co.)

† "The Two First Centuries of Florentine History." By Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

this chronicle by a German scholar. When the news of this event reached Italy, the more conservative critics, after the manner of their order, became at first exceedingly wrathful. Old gentlemen who had early been caught by the charm of the simple, forceful style of the Florentine gonfalonier, and had cherished throughout their lives a strong affection for him, said angry and foolish things about this northern iconoclast. The defenders of the traditional attribution of the chronicle were obviously getting the worst of it, when the learned Del Lungo came to their rescue. He determined to beat his Teutonic opponents with their own weapons and on their own ground. Thereupon he set to work with more than German thoroughness and patience to get together materials for his task. His perseverance in research was only surpassed by the critical insight and acumen he displayed in sifting and arranging the mass of evidence he had collected. Finally he launched three weighty tomes, stuffed full of well-digested learning, at the heads of the radical critics. The issue of the controversy was no longer doubtful. His opponents were soon in full flight. Their leader, Professor Scheffer Boichorst, surrendered most of the positions that he had formerly held with such robust confidence. Nevertheless the controversy has not been without its effect on the convictions of the victors. The faith of Dino Compagni's more judicious admirers is not as it was before the attack was made. They are now ready to admit with Professor Villari that it contains "blunders, alterations, and additions"; and that "it is not to be used without careful sifting and discrimination."

Like Compagni, Professor Villari is not only a writer of history, he has himself helped as a man of action to mould the history of his own country. Like Compagni he has held with honour high office in the State. English historical students will take pleasure in the thought that in the midst of his new labours he has found time to elucidate some of the most obscure and difficult passages in the history of his adopted city. R. L. DOUGLAS.

NOVEL NOTES.

TALES FROM THE TELLING HOUSE. By R. D. Blackmore. (Low.)

These tales are not made of the stuff that is popular to-day; and maybe there is something to be said in justification of the fact that a story like "Frida; or, the Lover's Leap" has gone out of fashion. A worldly, courtly lover jilts a trusting girl in a very conventional way, and she drowns herself amid picturesque surroundings. "Slain by the Doones" is not so good a bit of adventure as many parts of the famous story to which it forms a supplement. The newest comer in the ranks of fiction, if he were at all up to date, would be ashamed of the clumsy mechanism in "George Bowring"; and in "Crocker's Hole" there is hardly a story worth mentioning. For all that, we believe that till these tales be read Mr. Blackmore's powers will never be known. "Lorna Doone" is a bigger, stronger, more testing bit of work, of course; but it is the only story of the writer that is worthy to be put beside these newer specimens of his genius. And in "Lorna Doone" there is nothing really so fine as half-a-dozen passages we could very easily lay our hands upon within these covers, where he reveals an observation, a love of natural things, a poetical insight into the moods of the sky and the earth, and the moods of those who live an open life between sky and earth, that could hardly be surpassed. The most impatient story-loving reader could scarcely skip them. Skipping them, he would skip the story. They are the story; for they are not merely the setting in which the characters are placed, but the very conditions and supplements of the human action. The arrival of the messenger of ill news is thus announced: "But one soft November evening, when the trees were full of drops, and gentle mists were creeping up the channels of the moorlands, and snipes (come home from foreign parts) were cheeping at their borings, and every weary man was gladdened by the glance of a bright wood fire, and smell of what was over it, there happened to come, on a jaded horse, a man, all hat, and cape, and boots, and mud, and sweat, and grumbling." And here is a picture of a girl, a very old-fashioned girl, thinking of her lover: "She came here in the morning always, when it did not rain too hard, to let her mind have pasture on the landscape of sweet memory. And even sweeter hope was always fluttering in the distance, on the sea, or clouds, or flitting vapour of the morning. Even so she now was looking at the mounting glory of the sun above the sea-clouds, the sun that lay along the land, and made the distance roll away." This is, indeed, fine writing, in the serious sense of the words. And it could be matched again and again in these tales. They are far, however, from being filled with this kind of thing. Mr. Blackmore must have been generally in a rather teasing mood while he wrote them. He smiles a good deal at the human nature he depicts, and jests with it, just a little heavily, perhaps, but in a manner which suits his somewhat antiquated themes, and the old-fashioned style which he adopts now and again—we hardly know whether unconsciously or not. We may seem to have begun by disparaging the stories themselves; but we only meant to save him the unkind criticism of disappointed readers. Many will be with us in liking their flavour, their simplicity, and their refreshing want of modernity, while all anglers will gloat over "Crocker's Hole." The quaint, piquant formality of their manner is refreshing after an overdose of glib smartness; and if any of us are so fastidious as to be offended by the out-of-date dress they wear, there are still those exquisite passages we have spoken of, where the poet in him has freed himself, and where his style melts suddenly from crude individuality into rare and placid beauty.

THE FOLLY OF EUSTACE, and other Stories. By Robert Hichens. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Hichens' stories attract a great deal of attention, and this is only natural. They are clever, and they hit the taste of the moment. In these before us there are signs of a possibility far better than "The Green Carnation" or "An Imaginative Man" gave promise of, something saner and not nearly so smart. But the morbid and the cleverly silly are what his public ask of him, and he has given a satire, very exaggerated and ultra-tragic, of course, of his own case in the story of "The Folly of Eustace." Whether he can dare the peril of writing sensibly, and may be, dully, before the fashion of the moment changes and leaves him stranded with unhealthy and out-of-vogue eccentricities, as Eustace's wife left him in disgust of his simulated whims, is a matter which is perhaps even now concerning him. He has enough feeling and knowledge of character to write good fiction of the more substantial sort, which he could always enliven by his aptitude for light satire of the fashions of the day. "The Man of Promise" is a very painful story, perhaps morbidly so; but it is human, touching, and able. In his fantasies, on the other hand, he is far clumsier. "The Return of the Soul," the tale of how the spirit of a brutally murdered cat entered into the body of the murderer's wife, fills us with disgust, but no terror. The faults of taste in his matter are reflected in his style. There is good writing, especially in "The Wolf's Life;" but there is too much of this kind of imagery: "Jenny smiled the watery smile of the sentimentalist; a glass of still lemonade washed with limelight might resemble it."

IA. By Q. (Cassell.)

Ia's story is not very new in fiction. She loved much, and bestowed her heart on one whom worldly prudence forbade to wear it openly. He was a saint in his sect, but his sainthood had not the glorified ending of the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale's. He offered, it is true, to make tardy reparation, but he did not insist very ardently when he met refusal. And perhaps it was as well, for Ia's fervent nature might have been chilled in the neighbourhood of a fashionable pulpit. Mr. Quiller-Couch has poured out a great deal of warm affection on the Cornish maiden Ia, so whole-hearted, so devoted, and with so ardently poetical a soul; and in his pictures of the joys and troubles of the Cornish fisher-folks, and of the moors and grey cairns that skirt the wild coasts, we feel that he is writing of things and people very near his heart. The story is an expression of the Celtic idealism which surges up in him every year more

strongly. As such, and for its many excellent and hearty pictures of sea-faring life, we like it; and we are therefore not merely captious in feeling some disappointment with the last chapters. It is a kind of disappointment we experience often in life as well as in stories. By just as much as we are willing to sympathise with Ia crooning the Irish love-song to Paul in the boat, offering, nay, forcing, her heart on him, unasked, by so much are we chilled by Ia, the well-to-do, silk-clad, respectable, philanthropist of after-days. The ways of prosperity are tame. Maybe prosperity is a very good thing, especially when you have a fatherless child to bring up; only romance keeps away from the chapters that tell of it. Romance steps back once here, though, to be present at the scene when Ia says good-bye to Paul for the last time.

KRIEGSPIEL: THE WAR-GAME. By Francis Hindes Groome. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Bowden.)

Mr. Groome has lavished material on his novel, and of the most various kind, adventure, sensation, character, satire, and opinion. Very likely there is too much of it. Most certainly it might have been used to greater advantage. We should like to give the book a better chance by omitting some chapters at the beginning, and most of the satirical portraiture as well (clever though some of it is), including all that concerns the Rev. Tom Discipline, who seems to us neither good enough nor bad enough to receive any attention at all. And a hundred little critics will be pointing out to Mr. Groome how they would have done the thing. Only the little critics would have lacked the material to work with. The author of "Kriegspiel" has been so interested in his matter that he has thought its arrangement of less importance. And in the main he is right in his confidence. Life in England, in Scotland, in Germany, and, for chief attraction, life in gipsy tents is here presented. Enthusiasts, fanatics, villains, faddists, seers, and merely romantic persons, form the *dramatis personæ*. It is woven of texture far from commonplace, and, it should be said, not after a pattern in vogue to-day. It breathes, too, an unaccustomed atmosphere, more religious, romantic, ceremonious than we are used to, and judged by all our present standards, at least, it is very unconventional. Very likely "Kriegspiel" will not remind you of any novel you have read for the last twenty years. To us the change of air was refreshing, though we vainly flourished an erasing pencil now and again. Mr. Groome's former book, "In Gipsy Tents," prepared us for the scenes which he could best treat of in fiction; and it is the gipsy scenes that give the story its greatest value and charm. He does not sentimentalise over these wild folks he knows so intimately. The villain of the piece is a gipsy, as well as the devoted girl Sagul, whom most of us will call the heroine in despite of Marjory. It is all real—the smell of the roadside fire, the ill language, the venomed passions, and the nameless charm of the Romany race. The story turns on the tragic events that were the consequence of the secret and unhappy marriage of an English baronet with a gipsy beauty. The death of the wife, estranged from her husband, rouses the hate and vengeance of a rejected gipsy lover, who bides his time, but, after many years, murders the baronet, and kidnaps the heir, whom he declares to be his son. You may have your own ideas as to what would be the most pleasing course for such a story to take. Mr. Groome has his, and we have to accept them. Lionel, the kidnapped young baronet, is saved by a gipsy girl, nursed, and maintained by her during a long illness. But he does not fall in love with Sagul; and, indeed, his ideas on the subject of an alliance with the gipsy race are all that are most prudent. But then, though Lionel is the hero, the story does not depend on him for its romance. And that last scene with the dying gipsy girl must have shaken off some of the priggishness which did certainly cling about this very nice young man.

"The tents were pitched upon the western hill-slope. Beside them ran Offa's Dyke, reared centuries before to keep out the Welsh marauders; the silver Teme flowed beneath; and beyond stretched the beautiful Welsh country, all shimmering through the soft blue wood-smoke of the fire that smouldered outside. Some sat within the tent, but more on the turf without—the children awe-struck, puzzled. The sinking sun slanted through the tent-opening, and lighted up Sagul's face, which was lighted up, too, by happy recollections. For Wanselo was playing Scotch melodies, dear to her soul from those old Canongate days. First, the 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' and then from its stirring tones he slid imperceptibly into the tender 'Farewell to Lochaber.' And as he played, he cried quietly, big, merry-faced Wanselo.

"'Play that again, my Wanselo.'

"And Wanselo did play it again, but not quite to the end, for, as the last bar opened, Sagul died."

MRS. ALBERT GRUNDY. By Harold Frederic. The Mayfair Set. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Mr. Frederic has introduced variations into his central character with the familiar name. She is not quite the Mrs. Grundy we know. But our Mrs. Grundy has retired to a remote country town, and Mrs. Albert lives in South Kensington. The elder lady had some principles, we are convinced; the younger has none; and so by the swift current of modern life she is hurried into situations and conduct of which others of her name would have disapproved. Once her daughters are off her hands—and Ermyntrude, not a Grundy at all, is provided for in the last chapters—we feel sure she will settle down, and exchange the frivolous for the rigid stupidity which has so long been honourably associated with the women of her house.

A CROWN OF STRAW. By Allen Upward. 6s. (Chatto.)

Mr. Upward has found another romantic plot in the history of a European royal family. He warns us in his preface that the events here are fictitious, while those in "A Prince of Balkistan" made what might be called historical romance. And, of course, the story of Maximilian is not very accurately the story of the mad artist King of Bavaria. But Ludwig's originally noble nature and poetic tastes, his friendship for Wagner, and some other true circumstances, have furnished him with the beginnings of his plot. We confess it is less spirited and vivacious than the former novel of this kind; but, on the other hand, the melancholy story of madness, disappointed idealism, and intrigue has stronger human interest, and Mr. Upward keeps us in sympathy to the very end with the people he likes himself, and touches us deeply many a time.

LORD HEVER. By Percy Hulburd. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

"Lord Hever" belongs to the very sentimental order of stories, but it takes an honourable rank there. Whatever we may pretend, we all rather like the hero's type. He is very grave, and very good, and very subtle, and has a very deep nature and a very unhappy past. Hever is fashioned in this way, but not ridiculously, and his actions when face to face with bluffer and with villainous persons generally have our approval. He loves in the loftiest, if also in the most passionate way, a lady who is the wife of another, a very inferior other; and the story is written to lead up to their final coming together, by painful, even sensational, but so far as they are concerned, strictly honourable means. The point of greatest interest—it is likewise the source of a good deal of weakness—is the relationship between Hever and his invalid son, a boy of intellect, spirit, independence, and precocity. The intimate emotional friendship that exists between the lad and his father, and the part played by the former in his father's heart troubles, alternately attract a reader and render him sceptical. "Lord Hever" should be read in a sentimental mood; otherwise its very good qualities, its thoughtfulness and refinement, will not have their due chance of credit.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE. By Ralph Adams Cram. (Chatto.)

Mr. Cram's collection of ghost stories is very picturesque, and while you read them you will shudder appreciatively at least two or three times. Then they are of many different nationalities, and have each of them a romantic background—Italy, Spain, Brittany, Austria, or some place equally suitable for the scene-painter's purpose. The weak point about them is that they are mostly given as the personal experience of one man, and that man not at all a cold-blooded scientific examiner of phantoms, but a sensitive, emotional, imaginative person. Now such an one could not have survived a second ghost of the particular complexion described here. Or if he had, all these ex-

periences, these apparitions, with their accompanying horrors, were not as he says they were; he has been exaggerating and fooling us. This seems a hard criticism of a small matter; this small matter, however, the use of the first person, affects our impression of the whole. But think of unnerved Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons at the back of the "I's," and your belief and your horror will return.

THE STATEMENT OF STELLA MABERLY. Written by Herself. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Hawthorne might have chosen such a theme, and so might Poe. In either case we should have shivered and dreamt about the story, and thoughts of it would have come back to us when we heard of, or experienced, the black gulfs of evil that run under some of the fairest human gardens. But except the choice of the theme, which is capable of being dealt with in a high imaginative way, there is nothing remarkable about this fantasy. The writer has not taken us far enough out of the realm of the real that we should be satisfied with artificial and wholly unnatural human character. And the prosaic style and setting suggest none of the weird poetry of horror which the subject is capable, in other hands, of evolving. A wicked woman infuses her own spirit into a good one, ruins her own chance of love thereby, as well as the life of her lover. To bring back happiness to him—otherwise to give herself another chance—she murders the tortured body that contains the evil spirit; but her old lover chooses to die, too, and prison, not marriage, is her lot. As a study in madness it has clever points, but the writer having chosen an unimaginative, prosaic treatment, has, of course, produced an ugly story. The publisher hints at an interesting mystery about the authorship.

A WOMAN WITH A FUTURE. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

Mrs. Dean never bungles clumsily, and those who do not know her other work will doubtless give her latest novel high praise, if no great liking. But it is not so good as "The Grasshoppers" or "A Splendid Cousin." Its strokes, singly, tell as well; it hits its mark as accurately; but the object of her punishment this time is not so much in need of it, for the simple reason that nobody defends her; all the world is "down" on her. A hysterical girl with high musical ambitions and artistic ideals we might sympathise with, and to strip her of her picturesque garments, disturb her poses, and show her as a selfish tyrant, was worth while. Then good-natured folks who speak and act pleasantly, and spend lavishly, we might regard with tolerance till we hear that their lazy recklessness has a tragic end. But Hesperia appeals to nobody. She is idle, shallow, vulgar, uneducated, false, cold, cowardly, and insolent. No one needs protection against her, save the men who, like Philip, fall in love with her in the indulgence of latent low tastes; and no scourging of her vices will prevent such like occurrences to-day and to-morrow. There is one incident in her history which we think Mrs. Dean cannot have reported rightly — the dance which she and the portly Mr. Cassel broke into the night her husband came home ill of diphtheria. If Hesperia was given to dancing thus spontaneously, we think better of her, and begin to believe that a girl of such fresh, unbounded spirits must have had a poor time of it near the sober Philip and his respectable mother. Otherwise we had gathered that she was frivolous rather than light-hearted, pleasure-loving but not gay, in everywise sluggishly corrupt. Save for this doubtful incident, the book is, like all Mrs. Dean's, workmanlike, severely neat, and unrelentingly severe.

HIS HONOUR AND A LADY. By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). Illustrated. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The talent for satire which this clever writer has displayed again and again is uppermost here in perhaps the ablest piece of work which she has sent out since "A Social Departure." Sometimes it appears as good-humoured fun, as in the descriptions of Mohendra Lal Chuckerbutty's relations with his superior officials, or the obtuse Mrs. Dawe's uncomfortable interviews with her prospective son-in-law. Sometimes it is cruel, as, occasionally, in its torture of Lewis Ancram, and sometimes it is over-subtle when directed at the same personage, who then escapes from our vengeance, if not from hers. It is a far abler book than its light, chattering tone would lead a hasty reader to suppose. Church, the dull, unimaginative hero and martyr to duty, is faultlessly drawn; and Ancram, the clever, subtle, capable, unheroic person, half wise man and half petty-minded official, to the delineation of whose difficult nature the book is mostly devoted, is at least suggested with skill. It was his fate to be rejected by two women, who had both fallen in love with "their idea of him." They were remarkable women, whose acquaintance it is worth while trying to make. Rhoda Daye may foil your efforts, but will not leave you indifferent. So it is not a dull company and not an ordinary one to which Mrs. Cotes vivaciously introduces you in this Anglo-Indian story.

THE FLAW IN THE MARBLE. (Hutchinson.)

The studios send us such a number of dull, weak novels nowadays that we confess to a dread of fiction in which the characters have the remotest connection with the left bank of the Seine, or Chelsea, or any neighbourhood supposed to have an artistic atmosphere. Starting with this prejudice, we nevertheless grew quickly interested in "The Flaw in the Marble," though it took us at once into the thick of the Paris studios and kept us there. It is not very strong or very original, but it is a simple and sympathetic rendering of an old and true theme. The talented sculptor, Lanthony, regards a fair and famous lady as the most beautiful object in the world, and he expends his whole force and art in picturing her in marble. She is piqued that her beauty only appeals to the artist in him, and provokes him till she awakes the man. The man proves as strong as the artist; but she has a great career to pursue that passion might disturb, and having raised him to the seventh heaven of happiness, she goes away and leaves him to fall down from it alone. And the fall is hard. The author very wisely refrains from attempting to reveal very clearly what takes place meanwhile in the soul of the enigmatic Madeleine Le Fagon.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

CHRIST IN HADES, and other Poems. By Stephen Phillips. The Shilling Garland. (E. Mathews.)

Counting by its fine lines and images, Mr. Phillips's fantasy, "Christ in Hades," is a remarkable poem. And that, at least, is one way of measuring poetry. It is loose, it is vague, in parts; only patches of it remain in the memory. Regarded from the point of view of construction and prompt certain execution, it has weaknesses. The latter standard is then, evidently, not the right one for judging Mr. Phillips's merits, else we shall underrate them.

"A wonderful stillness stopped her; like to trees
Motionless in an ecstacy of rain,
So the tall dead stood drooping around Christ,
Under the falling peace intensely still;
And some in slow delight their faces raised
Upwards; but soon, like leaves, duly released,
Tormented phantoms, ancient injured shades,
Sighing began downward to drift and glide
Toward him, and unintelligibly healed
Lingered, with closing eyes and parting lips."

That is one of his pictures of "interrupted life" in Hades. And this is the cry of an Athenian ghost longing for the air and sunlight:

"Thou comest from the glistening sun
As out of some great battle, nor hast thou
The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods.
Most strong are they, for they are joyous cold.
Thou art not happy! We can trust thee not.
How wilt thou lead with feet already pierced?
And if we ask thy hand, see, it is torn!"

One by one they all come round him—dead emperors, captains, poets,

"until at last
Antiquity, like evening gathering,
With mild and starry faces, gradually
Had stolen up."

They wait on his looks, imploring,

> "but Christ
> Came through them; leading irresistibly
> Not Western spirits alone; but all that world
> Was up! and after him in passion swept
> Dead Asia, murmuring, and the buried North!'

Prometheus it is who speaks to him with most knowledge. "O Christ," he says from his crag,

> "canst thou a nail move from these feet,
> Thou who art standing in such love of me?
> Thy hands are too like mine to undo these bonds,
> Brother, although the dead world follow thee,
> Deep-fascinated: love hath marred us both."

Through all his sojourn in the lower world, Christ speaks no word, but follows the tones and wanderings of the spirits wistfully, his helping hand stayed for the time by a vision of the future that comes to him, till

> "The vault closed back, woe upon woe, the wheel
> Revolved, the stone rebounded; for that time
> Hades her interrupted life resumed."

The description of the vision is a little vague and even prosy, and in so short a poem we do not need placid rests by the way. But the best in it shows a gift of imagination which we acknowledge with eagerness and in the hope that it will be fruitful as it is high. The book contains some charming lyrics, but it is by the title poem Mr. Phillips should be judged.

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI. Translated by J. A. Symonds. With Mezzotint Portrait and Sixteen Reproductions of Cellini's works. Fourth Edition. (Nimmo.)

The late Mr. Symonds gave us in English a really admirable translation of one of the most fascinating books of the world. Regarded as craftsman, as rascal (in spite of his English interpreter), as cold-blooded reporter of his adventures in art and in villainy, Cellini is unsurpassed. Only pure unblushing egotism moved him, and he threw a flood of light on a profoundly interesting country and epoch, and on the attitude of mind of a masterful man and an exquisite artist. Possessing Mr. Symonds' translation of the long famous book, we may neglect the original. His introduction and the notes are both helpful. The fourth edition is only one in a long series, we are sure, for this English version will not easily be displaced. The red gilt reproduction of the designs are, generally speaking, very satisfactory.

PORPHYRY TO MARCELLA. Translated, with Introduction, by Alice Zimmern. Preface by R. Garnett, LL.D. 3s. 6d. net. (Redway.)

The letter which Porphyry the Neo-Platonist wrote to his wife Marcella is more interesting to unlearned persons interested in the relations of human beings to each other than to students of philosophy. Miss Zimmern seems to understand this. True, she devotes a good deal of her Introduction to an account of Plotinus and his work, and to the attitude of Porphyry to the Christianity which he attacked in fifteen books. But these are annotations of details, which one accepts, and indeed expects, from an editor whose interest may, nevertheless, be in the main subject illustrated by the text. Dr. Garnett, in his preface, finds the letter a good opportunity for contrasting briefly the respective views of the enlightened Pagan, the Christian, and the modern scientist; and the translator looks on it as an excellent summary of Porphyry's ethical views. No intelligent editor and commentator could have altogether omitted such considerations, we freely admit, while remembering that the religious system which Porphyry inherited, borrowed, and formulated, is not a thing to be put into a nutshell, and that our modern knowledge of it is vague and confused in the extreme. The letter is a very interesting biographical document. It is not nearly so remarkable as an exposition of philosophy as just because it is the letter of a man to his wife. Marcella was a Roman lady, the widow of his friend, whom Porphyry married in 302 A.D., not because he wished to be more comfortable, or to obtain wealth, nor perhaps because he loved her, according to the ordinary rules of passion; for she was the poor and delicate mother of five children. He saw in her a disposition towards philosophy, which he would gladly cultivate for the sake of truth and for her strengthening. But Porphyry was generous friend as well as painstaking schoolmaster, and what seems but a chilly union was warmed by a respect not so much rarer then than it is to-day. "I recalled thee to thy proper mode of life, and gave thee a share in philosophy, pointing out to thee a doctrine that should guide thy life." After all it is not the voice of the schoolmaster, who never dares tell a whole truth to his scholars, that we hear in these words. "And who could be a more faithful witness to me than thyself, for I should deem it shame to equivocate to thee, or conceal aught of mine from thee, or to withhold from thee (who honourest truth above all things, and therefore didst deem our marriage a gift from Heaven) a truthful relation from beginning to end of all that I have done with respect to and during our union." We should like to know how far Marcella was satisfied with his philosophy and with his frankness; whether only as the faded mother of five she was humbly grateful, or whether she was indeed proud to be so trusted, and to have his only appeals call to her highest part. "Neither trouble thyself much whether thou be male or female in body, nor look on thyself as a woman, for I did not approach thee as such. Flee all that is womanish in the soul, as though thou hadst a man's body about thee. For what is born from a virgin soul and a pure mind is most blessed, since imperishable springs from imperishable. But what the body produces is held corrupt by all the gods." It is not Neo-Platonism, or any other ism, he is talking, but the philosophy which only lovers ever hold, and which lovers most hotly revolt against. "As for my shadow and visible image, as thou wast not profited by their presence, so now their absence is not hurtful if thou attempt to fly from the body. But thou wouldst meet with me in all purity, and I should be most truly present and associated with thee, night and day, in purity and with the fairest kind of converse which can never be broken up." It is no sluggish nature that reveals itself here. In her absence perhaps his heart did not call out very loud; but there is a white fire burning in his written words. They are a love-letter—of the spirit.

THE LEGENDS OF THE WAGNER DRAMA. Studies in Mythology and Romance. By J. L. Weston. 6s. (Nutt.)

A complete Wagner bibliography would already be a long one; but there is ample room for this book, which leaves musical criticism and ethical considerations alone, and deals only with the materials for his stories. True, the romantic legends which form the groundwork of his *libretti* have already been made the subjects of one story-book, if not more. But Miss Weston has an aim beyond mere book-making or the entertainment of the young. She is an accomplished student of old German and of folk lore. Of this her excellent translation of "Parzival," a difficult task, is proof enough. So here she gives us the stories of the "Nibelungen Ring," of "Parsifal," "Lohengrin," "Tristan," and "Tannhaüser," in a readable, even romantic and delightful fashion. But she is a critic, a sifter, as well. She knows the origins intimately, and by her aid we are enabled to follow the selective path that Wagner took for his own purposes, among the network of old poetical traditions. Miss Weston has done her work well, shrinking from no trouble of first-hand reference; and the student of folk-lore and the lover of poetry are both her debtors.

MOORLAND IDYLLS. By Grant Allen. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Grant Allen is the pleasantest company in the open air. To his "Colin Clout's Calendar" and "The Evolutionist at Large," which many lovers of the country have already on their shelves, "Moorland Idylls" must now be added. We don't like the title, because it is misleading, and may be disappointing. It is not poetry and sentiment that Mr. Allen is minded to give us in the first place, but fine and unconventional observation of those adventures and ways of living of plants and beasts which appeal to the human rather than the scientific side of us. Poetry and sentiment are gathered in, of course, as a natural consequence, with this harvest of a quick and loving eye, watching the seasons pass, the flowers spring, and the beasts and fishes live out their struggling lives. The papers are brief,

light, and charmingly written, and, read as a whole, give, besides much valuable detail and many suggestions for the right attitude towards a study of the earth, a fine picture of a wide, free, breezy landscape whose fresh air blows about us as we read.

LATER LYRICS. By T. B. Aldrich. 2s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

These lyrics, selected from Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes," "The Sisters' Tragedy," "Wyndham Towers," and "Unguarded Gates," are simple, natural, able, and generally pleasing. One is genuinely disappointed, to use no warmer words, in gratitude for verse so well-fashioned, so well-bred, and so healthy. But Mr. Aldrich's style is more distinguished when he writes in prose. Here the thought and imagery are just a little too obvious. And that line that ever so narrowly divides the poetry of human love and natural things from the commonplace is hardly traced here by the light of inspiration, but only by a ray of good and highly cultivated feeling. Yet whoso looks inside the dainty covers of this little book will find himself in company from whence proceedeth no offence.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited by John Major. Nimmo.

A new issue of Major's edition deserves a very friendly notice and greeting. If Walton is to be edited at all we prefer the work should not be done by one of our own contemporaries, and there is just enough old-fashioned flavour and ceremony in the words of this commentator to please us. The reflections, moral and literary, in the preface are harmless, and the notes—literary these are, not scientific—are excellent. But in Creswick's engravings and all the other pictures—"embellishments" they are called in the language of the forties, when Major brought out his edition—will lie the chief interest and charm. They alone would make Major's edition one of the very best to possess.

PROVERBS, PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS, AND POPULAR RHYMES OF SCOTLAND. Collected by Andrew Cheviot. (A. Gardner.)

This full collection needs only to be named to give Northerners an immediate interest in it, for they are never half-hearted about any fresh record of their wit and their traditions. The persevering southern readers who struggle with fiction written in Scottish dialects, might also find Mr. Cheviot's volume a handy one to have at their elbow while pursuing their laborious pleasures. The book is not complete, of course. Every Scot will find omissions. And, on the other hand, perhaps the compiler has hardly been strict enough in his use of the words "Proverbs" and "Proverbial Expressions." For instance, "She's little better than she should be" is neither particularly Scottish nor proverbial. But this very looseness has led to the inclusion of many picturesque, forcible, and poetical phrases that we are glad to meet. The notes are not very satisfactory. The locality of the proverbs should oftener be given—though we are fully aware of the difficulty of this. A good many of the sayings contain words which need a dialect dictionary, as "Wait's a wersh dish." The explanations given are not faultless. The rhyme beginning "The water o' Aven" is not Aberdeenshire, at any rate not exclusively so. And we thought we had heard the last of "Homme est né, Trois rois la" as the reading of "Hogmanay, Trollalay." But such occasional faults do not harm the book seriously. It remains a rich collection of pithy and romantic speech. The flaw in Mr. Cheviot's work lies in the inconvenience he puts inquiring readers to. He calls his arrangement alphabetical, but to enter "A drink is shorter than a tale" under A, and not to mention the important word "drink" in the index, is a poor way of fulfilling the intention. Mr. Cheviot has shrunk before some practical difficulties, but as only a few will care to sit down and read his book for pleasure—we know some who will—and many will wish to refer to it in a hurry, he must take heart and do this good service in a second edition.

BOOK VERSE, an Anthology of Poems of Books and Bookmen from the Earliest Times to Recent Years. Edited by W. Roberts. Book Lover's Library. (E. Stock.)

Mr. Roberts's collection is the pendant to Mr. Gleeson White's "Book-Song" published in the same library some time ago. The newer anthology has an advantage over the earlier one, which was mostly filled with very modern verse; and modern verse about books is mostly bad. Mr. Roberts's few selections from it are not very successful, and could not be. Though there is a good deal of sameness in the "Go, little book" verses of long ago, the old scholarly and bibliomaniac muse had a language and a sentiment that were often genuinely quaint and humorous. A great deal of laborious foraging must have gone to a collection like this from so many out of the way fields; and that the editor has dug, too, in classical ground we gather from his preface, though he gives us only in the body of the book English specimens. This is the kind of anthology which must never be criticised on the score of incompleteness, but judged by the excellence of the things admitted. There is hardly any point at all in scraping together every fusty maundering of book-worms; and we must do Mr. Roberts the justice of saying his standard has been pretty high. He has shown the book-passion in many phases, and the book-writer in many moods—this one, among others, which we are interested to see is not modern, the expression of it being signed and dated, Philip Stubbes, 1583:—

"Now, having made thee, seelie book,
And brought thee to this frame,
Full loath am I to publish thee,
Lest thou impair my name."

Mr. Roberts must have found it a nice play to make such a collection, and he has passed on a great deal of his enjoyment to those of us who own or dream of owning a library.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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[*One is generally attracted, but sometimes repelled by Mr. Moulton's editing. His notes are good, his introduction is careful and suggestive, yet it is to be facetious without being illuminating to say that "Ecclesiasticus" has affinities with both Bacon and Martin Tupper.*]
Philosophy of Belief, by the Duke of Argyll, 16/-.....Murray
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[*See p.* 58.]
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[*See p.* 50.]

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[*See p.* 59.]

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PUTNAM, G. H.—Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages, vol. 1, 10/6 ..... Putnam

RANSOME, A.—The Treatment of Phthisis, 7/6..... Smith & Elder

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SARCEY, F.—Le Siège de Paris, ed. by F. B. Kirkman, 1/- .. Blackie

[*Sarcey's story of the siege makes a very good school reading book, and will give boys and girls a sense of the reality and the character of the people whose language has such a very remote interest to them when looked at through its grammar or even its seventeenth century literature.*]

SEDGWICK, Lieut.-Col. W.—Argon and Newton, a Realization, 7/6 Whittingham

SHARPE, R. B.—A Handbook to the Birds of Great Britain, vol. 3, 6/- Eyre & Spottiswoode

STARR, M., and Others —Atlas of Nerve Cells, 42/- ..... Macmillan

STEPHEN, L.—Social Rights and Duties, 2 vols., 9/- .... Sonnenschein

[*See p.* 49.]

SWINSTEAD, C. H.—The Theory of Perspective, 2/- ..... Simpkin

THREST, J. C.—Water and Water Supplies, 8/-.... Rebman Pub. Co.

Thucydides, Book 3, edited by A. W. Spratt, 5/-...Camb. Univ. Press

UNNA, P. G.—The Histopathology of the Diseases of the Skin, 31/6 net ..... Simpkin

WATTS, W. A.—The Photographic Reference Book, 6/- ..... Iliffe

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RUSKIN, J.—Fors Clavigera, vol. 1, 6/- ..... G. Allen

[*This edition will be completed in four volumes. In order to be able to issue it in so convenient a form, everything is omitted from the appendices save actual explanations of the text. All the illustrations are given, and a new index is added to each volume.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROODFOOT, Major W.—Billiards, illustrated, 10/6..... Longmans

DABIAC, P. H.—Dictionary of Quotations (English)..... Sonnenschein

English Literary Criticism, edit. by C. E. Vaughan (Warwick Library), 3/6 ..... Blackie

FAREY, Mrs. J.—The Normal Domestic Economy, 3/6 net Normal College Press

FIELD, E.—The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac..... Lane

[*The late Eugene Field could talk with charm on most things. His flirtations, despairs, serious passions, and triumphs among books, and the many adventures by the way in his long pursuit of book treasures, are told very pleasantly in a series of papers on which he was engaged at the time of his death.*]

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Gathered by the Way, an Album to gather Impressions from Friends, 2/6

GOSSE, E.—Critical Kit-Kats, 7/6..... Heinemann

KELLY.—Suburban Directory, 1896..... Kelly

KELSON, G. M.—The Salmon Fly, how to Dress It and How to Use It, 21/- net ..... Wyman
LE GALLIENNE, R.—Retrospective Reviews, a Literary Log, 2 vols., 9/- net ..... Lane
[*See p.* 51.]
LELAND, C. G.—Legends from Florence, 2nd series, 5/- ..... Nutt
London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, its Passenger Services, etc., by Author of "British Railways," 3/6 ..... Cassell
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Proverbs, Proverbial Expressions, and Popular Rhymes of Scotland, collected by A. Cheviot, 6/- net ..... A. Gardner
[*See p.* 60.]

SUTCLIFFE, H.—The Eleventh Commandment, 6/- ..... Heinemann
WATSON, E. H. L.—The Unconscious Humourist, and other Essays, 4/6 net ..... Lane
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WILKINSON, S.—The Volunteers and the National Defence, 2/6 ..... A. Constable
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WILLOUGHBY, W. W.—An Examination of the Nature of the State, 12/6 ..... Macmillan

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between March 15th and April 15th, 1896:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. The Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d.
2. Fire and Sword in the Sudan. 21s. net.
3. Henley's Burns. Lib. Edn., vol. 1. 10s. 6d. net.
4. Anderson (Mary), A Few Memories. 10s. 6d.
5. Crockett's Cleg Kelly. 6s.
6. Lecky's Democracy and Liberty. 2 vols. 36s.

Trade is scarcely so brisk as we should like, and a great deal quieter than during Easter week.

LONDON, E.C.

1. The Mighty Atom. Corelli. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
2. Fisher's History of Christian Doctrine. 12s. (Clark.)
3. Maturin, Spiritual Life. 4s. 6d. (Longman.)
4. Watson, The Purple East. 1s. net. (Lane.)
5. Smith, G. A., Twelve Prophets. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
6. Upper Room. Watson. 1s. 6d. (Hodder.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Burns' Poems, all editions.
2. Corelli's Sorrows of Satan.
3. Corelli's Mighty Atom.
4. Maclaren, Bonnie Brier Bush.
5. Maclaren, Auld Lang Syne.
6. Du Maurier, Trilby.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Corelli, The Mighty Atom.
2. Crockett, Cleg Kelly.
3. Lecky, Democracy. 2 vols.
4. Slatin Pasha, Fire and Sword in the Sudan.
5. Merriman, The Sowers.
6. Haggard, Heart of the World.

GLASGOW.

1. History of Christian Doctrine. By Dr. George Park Fisher. 12s. (T. & T. Clark.)
2. Permanent Message of the Exodus. By Dr. John Smith. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Philosophy of Belief. By the Duke of Argyll. 16s. (Murray.)
4. A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. 6s. (Warne & Co.)
5. Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
6. The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

YORK.

1. The Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d. Mary Corelli. (Methuen & Co.)
2. A Lady of Quality. 6s. Frances Hodgson Burnett. (F. Warne & Co.)
3. Story of the Solar System. 1s. G. F. Chambers. (G. Newnes, Ltd.)
4. Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City. 6s. S. R. Crockett. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
5. Burns' Poetical Works and Uncle Tom's Cabin. 2s. each. (Bliss, Sands & Foster).
6. Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels, 2s. (Bentley).

BURNLEY.

1. A Life for a Life. By Mrs. Craik. 3s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)
2. Margaret Grainger. By Annie Swan. (Hutchinson.)
3. Lamb (Charles) Works. 6 vols. 15s. net. (Gibbings.)
4. Don Quixote. 4 vols. 10s. (Gibbings.)
5. Ken (Bp.) Christian Year. 6s. (Pickering.)
6. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

BRADFORD.

1. Smith, Dr. A., Minor Prophets. Vol. 1. 7s. 6d. (Expositor's Bible.)
2. Crockett's Cleg Kelly. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
3. Corelli's Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
4. Story of a Piece of Coal. 1s. (Newnes.)
5. Face of a Soul. Dawson. 6s. (Unicorn Press.)

NOTTINGHAM.

1. Cleg Kelly. Crockett.
2. Mighty Atom. Corelli.
3. Heart of World. Haggard.
4. Lady of Quality. Burnett.

Maps and Guides have started well.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Heart of the World. Rider Haggard.
2. Telling House Stories. Blackmore.
3. Cleg Kelly. Crockett.
4. Mighty Atom. Marie Corelli.
5. Lady of Quality. Mrs. Burnett.

ABERDEEN.

1. Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
2. The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
3. Lady of Quality. By Mrs. Burnett. 6s. (F. Warne & Co.)
4. The Twelve Prophets. Vol. 1. By Prof. G. A. Smith. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. Sanday's Bampton Lectures. "Inspiration." Cheaper edition, 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)
6. Social Rights and Duties. By Leslie Stephen. Ethical Library. 2 vols. 9s. (Sonnenschein.)

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5. Borrow, Bible in Spain. 2 vols. Burke's edition.
6. McKnight, Ulster as it is. 2 vols. 21s. net.

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TRADE NOTES.

BIRMINGHAM.

Trade still good; first editions of W. H. Maxwell, Marryat, Stevenson, Davidson, etc., being much in demand. First editions generally are in good demand, the demand being greater than the supply.

BURNLEY.

Business kept up well during March, but has been very slow since April came in.

DERBY.

Local and continental guide-books are being looked up this month, and educational literature is in fair demand. Natural history and topography provide a sound basis for business at home, and belles-lettres is the chief class of literature exported this month. Hitherto we have no reason to deplore the state of trade in 1896.

LIVERPOOL.

The month of March shows a marked advance on the two previous months in the book department turnover, but the state of business still leaves something to be desired. April has opened well. The proposed amalgamation of Liverpool booksellers ended with the preliminaries, so the discount question still defies attempts to settle it.

YORK.

A slight improvement on last month, but not altogether so good as for corresponding period in previous years. Modern works and cheap reprints in fair demand.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

EDWARD BAKER, 14, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Vanity Fair in parts, £15 offered.
Pattinson's British Railways.
Charnock's Marine Architecture.
Grimm's Fairy Tales, 1st edit., boards, uncut, high price.
Jorrock's Jaunts, 1st edit., cloth, uncut, high price.
Milton, Paradise Lost, 1667, £35 offered.
Nash, Interest and Redemption Tables.
Simonidea, 1806, 40s. offered.

Poetry by the author of Gebir, 1802.
Landor's Poems, 1795.
Oscar Wilde's Poems, Mathews and Lane.
Bourne's G. W. Railway, 20s. offered.
Peter Simple, vols., boards, uncut, 20s. offered.

JAMES BELL & SON, CARLTON STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

Emmanuel Deutsch, Literary Remains.
Modern Parish Churches.
Matthew's Bible, any condition.

P. CARROTTE, SWINTON, MANCHESTER.

Expositor, 2nd series, vol. 8, Indices to 2nd and 3rd series.
Homilist, editor's series, vols. 1, 3, 7, 9.
Parker's People's Bible, vols. 16, 17, 18.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

A Problem in Modern Ethics.
Daphnis and Chloe, any edition.
Mrs. Jordan, Portraits of.
Alken's British Sports, 1821.
Chase of the Wild Red Deer.
The Perfumed Garden.
Geneste, English Stage, 10 vols.
Westminster Magazine, any.
Inman's Ancient Faiths.
Blagdon's Life of Morland.
Yule's Marco Polo, 2 vols.
Adventures of Ulysses, 1808.
Burns (R.) Poems, early edits.
Roderick Random, 1748.
Symonds (J. A.), any books by.
Dramatic Magazine, 3 vols.

W. C. CLULO, 199, COBDEN STREET, BRADFORD ROAD, MACHESTER.

Studio, pt. 1 and vol. 1.
Salome, in English, pub. by John Lane, second-hand.

WM. D'ALBY, 12, HOLTHAM ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

Little Castle Maiden, by Green.
Dove's Trial at York for Murder.
Sporting Magazine, vols. 54 and 61.
Castle Builders, by Yonge.
Sheaf of Roses, 1st edition, James Whitcomb Riley.

JOHN W. FOSTER, 24, SILKSWORTH TERRACE, NEW SILKSWORTH, SUNDERLAND.

The Bookman, January, 1895.
The Expositor, July, 1887.
The Critical Review, vol. 1.
The Expository Times, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of vol. 3.
The Expository Times, vol. 1 and 2.
The Thinker, vol. 4.

GEORGE GREGORY, 5, ARGYLE STREET, BATH.

Haines' Monumental Brasses.
Burke's Extinct and Dormant Peerages.

GOULDEN & CURRY, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Chums, vol. 1895.

WILLIAM HARVIE, 37, MELVILLE DRIVE, MOTHERWELL, N.B.

Views and Opinions by W. B. Rands.
Volumes of Wit and Wisdom Journal.

JAGGARD & CO., 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Literature relating to the mania of Postage Stamp Collecting.
Collection of old postage stamps.
Idyllia Heroica, 1814.
Poche osservazioni sullo stato atheale di que' popoli che vogliono, ecc. Napoli, 1821.
Imaginary Conversation of King Carlo Alberto and the Duchess Belgioso, 1848.
Any good 1 vol. novels.
Hawker's Instructions to Sportsmen.
Macdonald, Dealings with Fairies.
Mello, Nat. Nursery Rhymes.
Defoe, Plague, Laurie's 1s. series.
Good Things Mag., vols. 3, 4.
Woman and her Master (novel).
From Gloom to Sunshine (novel).
Speed Adam out of Eden.
Petrarch, Physicke against Fortune.
Rich Treasure of Knowledge.
Wm. Pearson, Letters and Journals.
Fisherman's Tale, Halliwell's Reprint.
Schreiner, Sporting Manual, 1841.

F. KIRK, 42, MELBOURNE STREET, LEICESTER.

Queen of the Hid Isle, Trubner, 1885.
Poems Lyrical and Dramatic, Trubner, 1884, both by Evelyn Douglas.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Life of John Hirst.
Cox (Samuel) Private Letters of St. Paul.
Goddard (Lady A.) How to Play the Pianoforte.
Stubbs' Constitutional History of England.
McFall (Capt.) with the Zhob Field Force, 1890.
Saunderson's Thirteen Years amongst the Wild Beasts of India.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY ST., BATH.

Mormonism, any works.
Benson's Singleheart, thin sm. 8vo, Parker, 1877.
De Vere's Lamentations of Ireland, 12mo.
St. Pierre, La Chaumiere Indienne, 1838 edit.
Proverbs, collections or works on.
Byron's Works, any foreign printed edits.
Thackeray and Dickens, any books, magazines, pamphlets, etc., on either author or their works.
Andin's Life of Luther.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.

Murphy's Our Homes.
Natural History in La Plata, by Hudson.
Gray's Anatomy, 13th edit., 1893.
Hissey's Holiday on the Road.
Yellow Fairy Book, 1st edit.
Blue Fairy Book, 1st edit.

FRANK MURRAY, MORAY HOUSE, DERBY.

Burke, Armoury, recent edit.
Hart on the Violin.
Any book on the Violin.
Records of the Past, vols. 4-9.
Stein, Memoirs of Napoleon.
Ruff's Guide to the Turf, 1892-5.
Walton's Angler, 7th edit.
Grove, Dictionary of Music.
Reliquary, vol. 7 and after.
Stokes, Rapid Drawing.
Studio, vol. 4, in parts.
Pall Mall Magazine, vols. 1-4.
First editions by the following authors:—Stevenson, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Crockett, Meredith, William Watson.
Spencer (H.) Works, any.
Bladon, Trials for Divorce.

J. T. NOTCUTT, LEAMINGTON.

3 Silver and Golden Wings (New), M. Ward.

JAMES PARKER & CO., 27, BROAD ST., OXFORD.

Spenser's Works, ed. Todd, 8 vols., 1805.
Ballantyne's Novelists' Library, 10 vols, 1821-24.
The Portfolio, Nos. 16, 17, and 18, containing chaps. 8, 9, and 10 of Lang's Oxford.
Eber's Egypt, parts 4, 8, 21, and 22 (Cassell).

W. H. SMITH, PUBLIC LIBRARY, DEWSBURY.

Prescott's Charles the Fifth, 2 vols.; Miscellanies, 1 vol., large type, library edition, blue cloth.
Pamphlets published in or that refer to Dewsbury and District.
Times, 1890-91, bound or unbound.

WALTER T. SPENCER, 27, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Comic Almanack, 1852.
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Romford Hounds, 1865.
Sponge's Sporting Tour, 1853.

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Grave's History of Cleveland.
Wonders of the Outdoor World.
Barnes' Notes New Test., red cloth, vol. 8.
Cate's Biographical Dictionary.
Morley's Study in Literature.
Purcell's Life of Manning, 1st ed.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, several copies.
Swift's Works, 1781, vol. 5.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, CAMBRIDGE.

The Dustman (song), by Weatherly and Molley.
Song Folio, pub. in America.
Collins and Son's Cricket Scoring Book, cloth, 1s. ed.
Wood's East Lynne, cheap edition.

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Gemini's Anatomy, fol., 1545-'59.
Robert Wake's Sermons, 1690-1725, sm. 4to or 8vo.
Quaker Tracts, sm. 4to, 1650-'99.

M. WELSH, MONTROSE.

Plato's Theætetus, ed. by Prof. Campbell, St. Andrews.
Doré's Milton's Paradise Lost, pt. 10.
Robson's The Bible, its Revelation, Inspiration, and Evidence.

E. B. WILDMAN, 10, JAMES STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Layard's Nineveh, octavo, cloth, vol. 1 (Murray), 1849.
Kaye's War in Afghanistan, octavo, cloth, vol. 1 (Bentley), 1851.
Chambers' Encyclopedia, 1878, the 1s. part, containing section No. 514.

JAMES YATES, PUBLIC LIBRARIAN HALTON, NEAR LEEDS.

Boutell's Heraldry.
Burke's Armoury, 1878.
Ellis' Hunters of the Ozark.
Goylan's Man among the Monkeys.

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Marshall's Poems, illustrated, woodcuts, 4to, Newcastle, 1812, pub. £1 1s., 2s. 6d.
Sidney on M. S. and L. and other Railways, etc., London, W. Pickering, 1848, 1s. 9d.
Williams, History of the Midland Railway, 5s.
Burthogge, Reason and Nature of Spirits, 1694, 4s.
Whitworth, Choice and Chance, two chapters of Arithmetic, 1s. 3d.
Webb, The Penns and Penningtons, illus., 1867, 3s. 6d.
Charles I., Works of, printed at Hague, 1649-1650, scarce, 6s.
Cautley, A Century of Emblems, illus., 2s.

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